

JOHN COLTRANE THE POLYPHONIC SPREE JOHN LURIE COMICS

free

march 2003

arthur

JOE STRUMMER



A MAN THAT MATTERED

Ann Summa

A WAKE IN PRINT WITH MCKENNA, SUMMA, MIKEY DREAD + OTHERS



“You Can Never Go Home Again.”
— **Ladies Home Journal**



AZITA *Enantiodromia* LP/CD

“Aged to Perfection!”
— **Barely Legal**



Loose Fur *Loose Fur* LP/CD

“How Can I Get This?”
— **Rolling Stone**



Bonnie ‘Prince’ Billy *Master and Everyone* LP/CD

“On the Rise...”
— **MOJO**



Scene Creamers *I Suck on That Emotion* LP/CD

arthur

Contents

ISSUE THREE | NOT JUST FREE—IT'S PRICELESS | MARCH 2003

4

ASK JOHN LURIE

He may be in self-described “hermit mode” but this longtime Lounge Lizard is eager to lend a helping hand to his fellow man. And woman too.

6

THE STUFF THAT SURROUNDS YOU

In the work of artist **SHIRLEY TSE**, plastic aspires to more than Pop. Mimi Zeiger reports.

12

HOOKED ON POLYPHONICS

The intrepid Gabe Soria connects with every single member of **THE POLYPHONIC SPREE**, the cheeriest 24-person pop symphony on the planet, in addition to chatting at length with Spree leader Tim DeLaughter about the “c” word, the Spree’s next move, and the sadness that remains. Portrait by Paul Pope.

20

JOE STRUMMER, 1952-2002

Arthur holds a wake in print for a man who mattered. In addition to stunning photographs by Ann Summa and excerpts of back-in-the-day Clash coverage from *Slash* magazine, we present reflections on Joe by Kristine McKenna; a lengthy, poignant interview with Joe from 2001 by McKenna; a consideration by Carter Van Pelt’s of the Clash’s embrace of reggae, featuring insights from Clash collaborator Mikey Dread; and a brief on Joe’s legacy—a forest on the Isle of Skye.

Ann Summa



“The one thing I will never forget about Joe is that he loved looking out the window of a moving vehicle. Definitely not an aisle seat kind of guy. That and the fact that he hated Tom Waits. I took Joe and his wife to see Tom Waits in New York and he was so disgusted by Tom’s ‘singing hobo routine’ that he spent the rest of the night smoking cigarettes with the valet in the men’s restroom. The man was a classic.” —Jason C. Henry

35

AVANT-GARDE, A FORCE FOR GOOD

At the height of both his popularity and his artistic powers, **JOHN COLTRANE** went for something deeper. An exclusive, chapter-length excerpt from the new book *A Love Supreme: The Story of John Coltrane’s Signature Album* by Ashley Kahn.

43

BULL TONGUE

Byron Coley & Thurston Moore review underground music, film and texts.

46

WHAT WAR LOOKS LIKE

Photograph by Kenneth Jarecke.

THROUGHOUT THE MAGAZINE COMICS

by Sammy Harkham, Jordan Crane, Johnny Ryan, Sam Henderson, Marc Bell & Ron Rege Jr.

arthur

MARCH 2003
VOL. 1 NUMBER 3

LARIS KRESLINS
PUBLISHER

JAY BABCOCK
EDITOR

W. T. NELSON
ART DIRECTOR

JORDAN CRANE
SAMMY HARKHAM
COMICS EDITORS

KRISTINE MCKENNA
SHAWN MORTENSEN
SENIOR ADVISORS

JAMIE FRASER
BUZZHACK@PACBELL.NET
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

RICHARD GUJALYA
HORIZON@NETTIC@ARTHURMAG.NET
ADVERTISING

WE KNOW
YOU WANT
TO ADVERTISE
IN ARTHUR.

RING 917.446.3087
EMAIL: ADS@ARTHURMAG.COM

INFO@ARTHURMAG.COM
WWW.ARTHURMAG.COM

COPYRIGHT 2003

COVER PHOTO BY ANN SUMMA

ARTHUR MAGAZINE IS PUBLISHED SIX TIMES A YEAR BY LIME PUBLISHING & PROJECTS, 195 CHRISTIE STREET #503 NYC NY 10002. ALL CONTENTS IN ARTHUR MAGAZINE ARE COPYRIGHTED TO THEIR RESPECTIVE AUTHORS AND ARE PROTECTED BY ALL APPLICABLE LAWS. NOTHING CONTAINED HEREIN MAY BE REPRINTED, COPIED OR REDISTRIBUTED IN ANY FORM WITHOUT THE WRITTEN CONSENT OF THE PUBLISHER. ALL UNSOLICITED LETTERS, SUBMISSIONS, GIFTS, ETC. ARE PROPERTY OF ARTHUR MAGAZINE. UNLESS WE DON'T WANT 'EM OF COURSE.

INDIVIDUAL COPIES OF ARTHUR MAY BE ORDERED VIA WWW.ARTHURMAG.COM



THANK YOU: KRISTAPS, HANNAH, LULU, DAGNIJA, PALL, OMA, KENDRA, ED HALTER, BRENDAN NEWMAN, CHRIS ROMIS, PLEXIFILM, KEN SQUIRE, JANIS SILS, KATE SAWAL, GUSTAV MERGINS, STACY GENG, JESSE PEARSON, JESSE AT HECKLER, FRED CISTERNA, MIKE GALINSKY, ANNA SILS, ALIEN ROBOTS, NED MULLIGAN, STEVE MANNING, ANNA SIMONSE, AUDRA KNUTSON, ANN SUMMA, EXENE, MARINA CHAVEZ, LUDIS MERGINS, ED MAR, JOSEPH NEFF, NARDUWAR, STEVEN RULLMAN, OCCULTURE, THANIN ERAN, RYAN OLCOTT, ROBIN TURNER, MONTFORD G. MURPHY, DIANA ADAMS, WAYNE S. FELDMAN, THE FELLAS AT VIDEO JOURNEYS, STEPHEN BAXTER, POTSIE, MIKE DUNOVAN, JOSHUA BABCOCK, LAURA DAVIS, GABIE STRONG, MICHAEL KAUFMANN, JESSE LOCKS, ED POLLARD, JOHN SCHOLEN, BOB SCHICK, RACHEL ABELSON, JON SOLOMAN, ERIC MAST, SHAYLA HASON, BOB SAUNDERS, KARL HENDRICKS, ANDY HARVEY, MICHAEL GUERRERO, CHRIS CUMMINGS, PAIGE LA GRONE & ERIC BABCOCK, D. C. BERMAN, LYNN WEAVER, TONY REMPLE, CHRIS JOHNSON, SAM BEAM, ERIC FRIEDL, ANDREW EARLES, MATT O'BRIEN, ANN-MARIE PETERSONS, JOE CARBUCCI, SHAUN ELLIS, BRIAN GEMPP, JASON PIERCE, JOHNNY KALOGERAKOS, PHIL MARTINEZ, KARIN BOLENDER, JEREMY HAVENS, MARGARET MYRICK, ANDY PIERCE, PETER RELIC, MATTHEW WASCOVEN, JULIE SHAPIRO, ANITA CSORNAS, IAN ROGERS, GREG BROOM, EDDIE DEAN, SHAUNA CRAWFORD, G. HYMAN, JOHN TENNEY, WILLIAM O. PATE II, ADAM KAHAN, BOB BURDEN, CHRISTOPHER SEVERSON, DAN MYSS, SUZANNE AND DYLAN DEAL, JOHN COULTHART, MARK LEWMAN, KEVIN SAMPSELL, JON 'QUITTY' QUITTNER.



I'm Just Sayin'

*King David, he was a black man
King Solomon, he was a black man
King Moses, he was a black man
From Africa, yeh*

—Rod Taylor and Soul Syndicate mixed by
King Tubby, “Ethiopian Version”

* * *

One of the questions we Arthur folk get asked most, besides how can you afford to do this (answer: we don't know), is who the heck is Arthur anyway. Here's an answer:

One night a coupla years ago the poet-music journo-trombonist Peter Relic and I were wandering back to my car from a dinner at Chin-Chuan on Hollywood when some middle-aged black dude walking alone near us turned and asked, “You guys S.D.S.? Weatherman?”

Pete and I were both flummoxed. ‘Ha! Uh no, sorry man’ or something was my reply. Guy wandered off and we were left reeling. Did that really just happen?

Did that guy just Rip Van Winkle onto Hollywood Blvd. out of 1969? What about us

made him think we were members of S.D.S.? (S.D.S. is short for Students for a Democratic Society, an early-'60s group of reasonably radical leftist college students that began to fracture in 1968; the militant, anti-imperialist, bomb-mad Weatherman group was one of the surviving fractionates.)

Was it the way we were dressed, or were talking, our postures? Was it something deeper? Or was it cuz of where we were: white guys out after dark, at ease in a part of town he might've considered ‘non-white,’ something that perhaps characterized SDS folks in those times, to this guy at least?

He didn't seem demented. It seemed like he was happy at the prospect that we might be SDS or Weathermen, and thought it was reasonable to inquire. There wasn't a hint of urgency—it wasn't as if he were in desperate straits and needed the kind of sanctuary that liberal-leftist whitefolk might be able to provide because of their connections to Power—it was more like he just wanted to confirm something that he knew. Maybe he was fully cognizant that it was 2000, or 2001, or whatever year it was, and just thought, Well those organizations might still be around. And if they

were, well, we might be the kind of guys that would be involved.

Of course this (wish-fulfilling?) line of thinking left me flattered, blushing on an intellectual-philosophical level, as I'd admired both of those groups more with each passing year. (Well, early S.D.S. at least—in the end, Weatherman was too stupid to be worthy of much beyond morbid curiosity.)

So, heightened self-regard replaced momentary bewilderment: someone who didn't know me had somehow, inexplicably, immediately realized where my mind, my spirit, was at. And to what ideals I was bound.

So, who's Arthur?

Arthur is that guy.

The one over there.

The one who tells you what you really are.

* * *

This issue of ARTHUR is dedicated to Frank Swintek, pictured above, who introduced me to free jazz during the summer of '94 in San Antonio, Texas. Thanks, Frank: you changed—and endlessly enriched—my life.

JAY BABCOCK
Los Angeles, January 2002

Send a letter of comment to ARTHUR at “I'm Just Saying,” 3408 Appleton St., Los Angeles, CA 90039 or email to editorial@arthurmag.com
ARTHUR reserves the right to edit letters of comment for clarity.

ask

John Lurie

[We've been informed that Arthur's regular advice columnist, Fat Possum recording artist T-Model Ford of Greenville, Mississippi, is too busy facilitating a 10-day workshop-retreat in Peru on "Transpersonal Enlightenment and Ancient Wisdom" to take any of our goddamn questions right now. He'll be back next issue, refreshed.]

Our advice columnist this issue is John Lurie, who needs no introduction. (pause)

Right. For the more curious members of Arthur's readership, here's an update on Mr. Lurie's current activities. John claims that he is on sabbatical from music, and is living in New York City while working on an autobiography entitled *What Do You Know About Music, You're Not a Lawyer*. Also, he just fired his girlfriend. None of this has been independently verified. Onto the questions...

Q: I'm 25 and have two children from previous relationships. I met my boyfriend a year ago and we hit it off immediately. He's 28, divorced with two sons. I find him funny, gorgeous, witty and charming and we are totally relaxed together.

When we first had sex, it was the best ever. He is a fantastic lover. We were planning to spend our lives together and I want this more than anything but for some reason I have gone out of my way to sabotage the relationship by sleeping with many other men. I go out with my friends and as soon as another man shows any interest, I'm there. I have met men in clubs and gone home with them. The sex is never up to much and I am disgusted with myself afterwards. I decided to stop going clubbing to avoid temptation and started just going to pubs in town with my mates.

My boyfriend found out about the flings and was devastated. I seem to go out of my way to hurt him but I felt brokenhearted when he told me recently he was seeing someone else. I thought I had lost him but he was back a week later to see how I was and we ended up sleeping together. He still comes round and we have sex but now I am the one who feels betrayed. He says he has feelings for me but he is still with the other woman. I am at my wits' end about what to do.

A: You have no business feeling betrayed as you created this situation yourself. You may have to wait a while until he feels he can trust you again. In the mean time, please forward your phone number to our staff.

Q: My daughter spends less and less time with the family since she met her boyfriend. She's 16 and has just started dating a boy of 19 who we have known for years. He was such a nice boy once but now he is abusive and rude. He has a bad temper and we know he smokes pot. We used to have a good relationship, then he was rude to me. My husband was furious and told our daughter that her boyfriend was a lout who would never be allowed to come into our house again.

Because she can't now bring him home, the only time we see our girl is at dinner and for a few minutes before she goes to bed. Do you think I'm being too possessive wanting her to spend some time away from this boy? Or should I just leave her alone and hope

she comes to her senses?

You are not being too possessive wanting to see your daughter, but I don't think that is what you really mean. Are you saying you could demand that she spend time with you and away from him? Because that would be a disaster. She is 16 and not supposed to come to her senses for at least another 13 years. One thing you might try is inviting the boy to your house. You must show him how uncomfortable loutish behavior can be. If he smokes a joint, you and your husband could take out your crack pipes and start smoking. Your husband should scream at you constantly, "Smash the pipe! Smash the pipe! We'll just keep mine.

"She is 16 and not supposed to come to her senses for another 13 years."

Smash the pipe!" You could suggest that your husband smash his pipe, while you crawl around on the floor picking up pieces of the carpet to smoke. Make sure that you are both hyperventilating. This has been proven to work for many families with teenage daughters.

Q: My boyfriend is perfect for me but he can't last long when we make love. We are both 22 and have been together four months. I'm multi-orgasmic and self-satisfaction isn't what I want but most days it is what I end up with. I never tell

my boyfriend how I feel because I don't want him beating himself up over this.

A: Change the "up" to "off" and have him try it an hour before visiting.

Q: I am 32, my wife is 31 and we already have three girls. We always planned to have four children and would really love for our last child to be a boy. Is there any way we can make this happen?

A: I would suggest flushing the female kittens down the toilet.

Q: My hubby is 35 and I'm 30. We've been married for 12 years and have two children, aged three and six. We have been happy, although things had become a bit dull. We hardly ever went out and only made love at weekends.

Last year two good friends of ours split up. She is 32 and he is 33. They also have two children, aged seven and nine. I should have given them my support but instead I went after the husband, even though I knew she wanted him back desperately. It was exciting at first, meeting in secret and having illicit sex while my husband was at work. We did things that my hubby and I would never do. He made me feel desirable and daring. I felt alive again for the first time in years. Eventually, it all came out and my husband left.

Worse still, I've told my lover lots

of lies about his wife to keep them apart and he's treated her terribly because of it. We've both neglected our children while we've been seeing each other.

This man thinks I'm totally in love with him and that I've given up everything for him. The truth is it started out as a bit of fun and a challenge and now I want out.

How do I do it without losing face and owning up to all of my lies? And how do I get my husband back? He has now found someone else but I want him back because I've realized what a bad mistake I've made.

A: You've already lost face. You have no face at all. If you are seeing a face when you look in the mirror it is the same psychological mechanism that causes phantom limb pain in amputees.

Q: I am 21 and she is 20. We have been together for 18 months and I fancy her like mad. She's beautiful, loving and sex was brilliant at first. I started having problems six months ago. I can't satisfy her and she thinks I've lost interest. But when I'm alone with a magazine or video, everything works normally.

A: You aren't explaining what doesn't work normally when your girlfriend is there. Perhaps you could get a large cardboard box from outside the local refrigerator store. Cut a large rectangular hole on one side, glue knobs to that same side that say "POWER," "VOLUME" and "CHANNEL." Then ask your girlfriend to wear rabbit ears and step inside. Go around the house yelling "Honey! Honey I'm home." But tell her not to respond.

Q: I've been married for six years to the woman I thought was the perfect partner. She's sexy, good-looking and has been a fantastic mum to our children aged three and 11 months. We're in our early thirties. For several months my wife has said she is suffering from post-natal depression. Then two weeks ago she said she was seeing someone else and had also slept with her lover's friend on one occasion. Then she told me about the group sex video her new man wants to make. The idea horrifies me but she seems to be going along with it. She has changed totally. She ignores the children and won't do anything for them while speaking to her lover on the phone for hours. She's obsessed with this man. He's in his forties and well off. Until the other day she didn't even know his real name. He lies to her and has no respect for her.

I'm coming to the end of my tether. I know she uses me and walks all over me but she says she still loves me and he'll never love her the way I do. I'd forgive anything because I can't live without her.

A: I suggest an icicle. There is no murder weapon and no finger prints. @



Jordan Crane



Sweatshop Free T-shirts™
Made In LA

WE'RE NOT CHUCK E. CHEESE WE'RE NOT WAL-MART...

The shame of it.

Los Angeles is our community, and we share it with millions of disenfranchised people who have been, and continue to be, humiliated. They live in fear because the US government has refused to recognize them as fully franchised members of our society. This has resulted in a society in denial— a society looking more and more like a well designed apartheid system...a society in contradiction, collecting taxes from people they conveniently ignore.

Most companies operating within this degrading system

don't seem to care. Some are afraid of immigration reprisals and others remain silent while salting away unconscionable profits. Others, move their operations off shore where they are free to pay poverty level wages with impunity.

American Apparel... the anti-brand.

American Apparel is addressing this civil liberties crisis as it applies to California, the country as a whole, and the apparel industry.

We discontinued the use of sub-contractors and created a unique "manufacturing community," supported

by loyal, highly motivated, fairly paid employees, enjoying the benefits and rewards of a job well done. Specifically, we are engineering our production process so that every American Apparel employee will earn a living wage and beyond. Our culture recognizes outstanding performance and promotes from within, provides health care benefits, training and education programs, ESL, and a soon to be operating day care facility.

American Apparel is striving to become a new model for the apparel industry, and asks for your support.



American Apparel
747 Warehouse St.
Los Angeles, CA 90021
Tel: (213) 488-0226



The American Apparel family of brands include:
Classic Girl for women
Standard American for men and women
Classic Baby for infants and toddlers

aa americanapparel.net

The Stuff That Surrounds You

In artist SHIRLEY TSE's hands, plastic aspires to more than Pop.

by Mimi Zeiger



Over glossy, chicer-than-thou, magazine *Wallpaper* subtitles itself "the stuff that surrounds you." The lifestyle porn peddler advocates a world filled with things: Palms, Karim Rashid baubles and Prada shoes. Anything. Any high-end object from the precious to the perverse to fill the vacuum of consumer culture.

But what is all that stuff that surrounds you? Embraces you? Suffocates you? Artist Shirley Tse looks around and sees plastic. She sees that injected-molded form used to shape your iBook or Oral B, the packaging that surrounds the products: it's the miracle of plastic that fills the vacuum surrounding us these days. In the translucent, bubble-pack Styrofoam between the box and the object lies the impetus for her artistic vision.

"It is symbolic of our culture," says Tse. "When you see a computer, you don't even think about the box. You don't think about what it takes to move that product from its origin to your house. Looking at the box makes you think about the process."

Rather than aspiring to package lifestyle, Tse's most recent sculpture, *Shelf Life* (2002), is life-sized packaging. Strangely beautiful, it is a 20-foot wide synthetic iceberg lodged in the second floor galleries of the California College of Arts and Crafts (CCAC) in

San Francisco, seemingly filling the room to eye level with white polystyrene. There's so much Styrofoam that prior to the show's opening, Tse—

this nightmare that people are going to picket outside the gallery. They'll boycott my show because of the amount of Styrofoam used."



The artist, in her work.

the Capp Street Project Visiting Artist at the CCAC Wattis Institute—is jokingly apprehensive about how people will react to the piece.

"It is a lot of Styrofoam," she laughs. "Being here in San Francisco, with the tradition of radicalism, I have

Like a three-chord pop song, Tse's work seems simple enough for anyone to put together (given enough packaging material from stereo components), but its artistry comes in her handling of the few elements. Tse's earlier work is on a slightly smaller scale: scul-

tures made of polystyrene sheets, hand-routed into elaborate topographies. The scale of the artwork invites the viewer to make comparisons to things out in the world of culture, pop and plain.

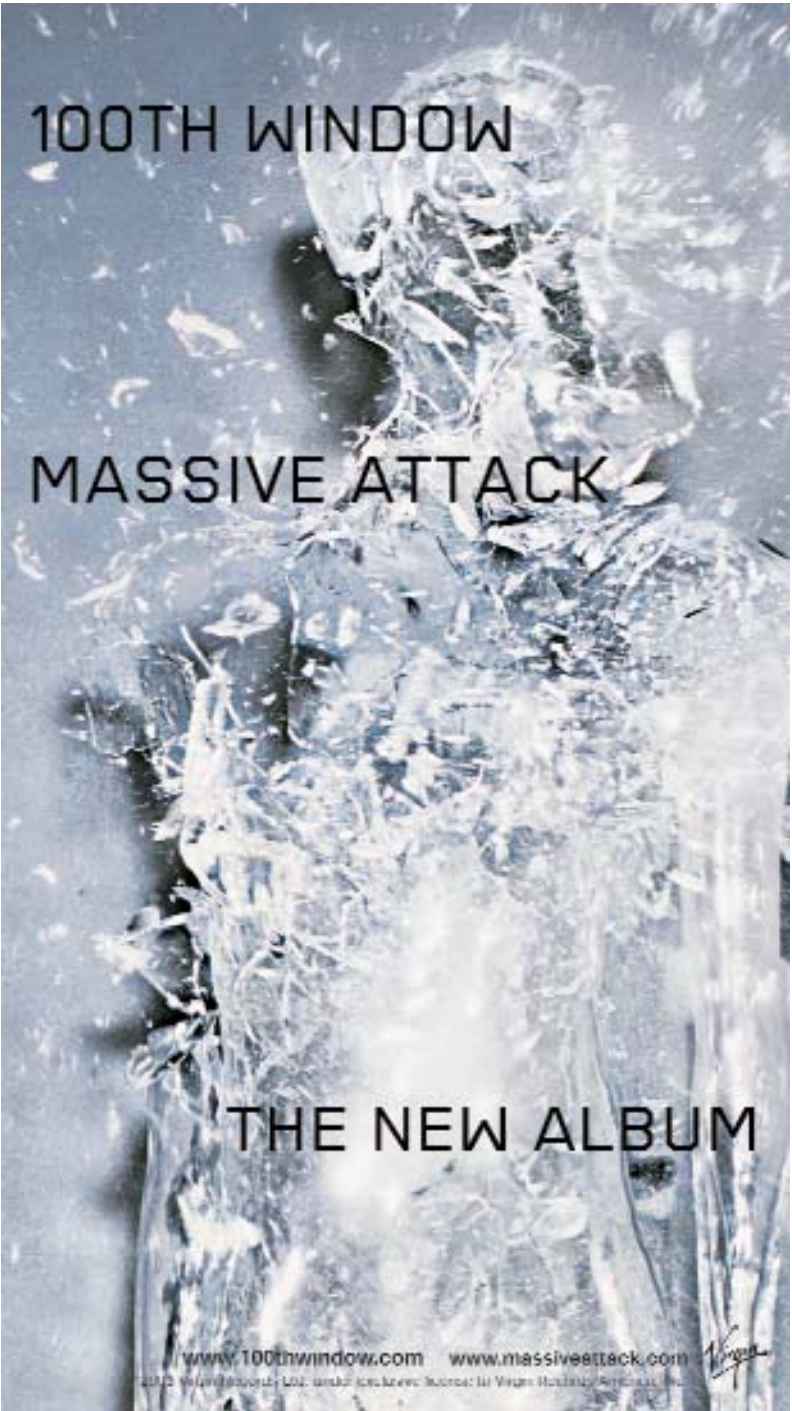
"I've been told it looks like a model for something bigger; it looks like a spaceship; it looks like a city," explains Tse. "Which is fine, but I don't want this piece to stop as a representation of something else. At some point I want my viewer to stop and look at the piece and go, 'Oh, it's just foam, it's not a city.'"

Complexity-in-simplicity is a truism in modern and contemporary art discourse: It's why paint dribbled by Jackson Pollock is an artwork and paint dribbled by a two-year-old is a mess. In Pop Art, it's why a Campbell's soup can gets elevated to artistic status. For Tse, this duality is inherent in plastic: the simplicity spells out all sorts of arty questions.

"I love how plastic embraces the paradox of a lot of things," she explains. "It's soft, but hard; it's surface *and* structure. It is something so ubiquitous and at the same time so alien. We live with it, but say things like 'that's phony.' Plastic asks all these questions about originality."

In Tse's hands, plastic aspires to more than pop. Despite its alien material, the work *Shelf Life* is desirously





CAT POWER

YOU ARE

FREE

LP/CD IN STORES FEBRUARY 18th matadorrecords.com
FREE MP3 AVAILABLE AT: www.matadorrecords.com/cat-power



physical. The claustrophobic entry, where Styrofoam surrounds you on three sides, is relieved by a small set of steps. The short flight finishes on a foam plateau. From this vantage point, with your head nearly touching the gallery air conditioning vents and track lighting, what had seemed so stifling now stretches out into a landscape. The block is carved into organic shapes and marked with surface totems.

“Is landscape really that natural anymore? It’s not,” Tse asks and then emphatically answers. “Even the landscape that we do see these days, like national parks, are totally manipulated. I can’t tell you when the packaging begins and when the landscape ends. The two things are going on at the same time.”

Walking across the polymer landscape, Calvin Klein-minimalism gives way to something weirder. Seamier. The material properties come to life. White Styrofoam gets dirty. It gives under the weight of heels and toes, leaving small divots behind. The edges crumble and *Shelf Life* makes noises, high feedback squeaks and lower-toned groans as it adjusts to pressure.

Nestled in the foam terrain are three fiberglass tubs—fleshy peach with lip-gloss sheen. A fourth tub is set in the end of Styrofoam jetty that juts out into the empty area of the gallery space. They are decidedly unnatural and they seem to mimic beauty products. It’s appropriate that the vacuum-formed tubs were fabricated at Warner Brothers Studio Facilities, the heart of the Hollywood culture industry.

Two of the tubs are lined in “memory foam.” The material akin to the sponges used to apply make-up is used

in the piece because it holds an impression—place a foot on it and the print remains in the foam for a several seconds. Other tubs bring to mind the hedonistic high times of Jacuzzi baths. Sensuous curves fit the body. Climbing all the way into the tub, there is something sinister in the way that the plastic supports your spine and provides cubbyholes for arms and feet. This is vacuum-packed, human-sized

“I can’t tell you when the packaging begins and when the landscape ends.”

packaging. Hot tub luxury is transformed into a disposable womb or tomb.

As frightening as it is to find yourself ensconced in plastic like a GI Joe or Barbie, Tse sees the work as liberating rather than confining.

“At the end of the day, when I ask myself why my interest in plastic is sustained, it has a lot to do with plastic itself and its history and all that, but it is also an entry to the world for me. It has allowed me to slice through the layers and see what is going on the world. It’s a navigational tool: a way to open up.”

Without evoking fist-raising slogans, Tse’s work asks the uneasy question: Are we packaging our own existence? The confines of the shiny fiberglass sarcophagus make clear what really is the stuff that surrounds us: “brand new trash” as Tse likes to call it. The

artist wrestles with her own position as a consumer and producer in the world of plastic.

“The whole issue of recycling and the environmental aspects of the work is a complicated one for me. On the one hand, I do recycle material, but on the other hand I buy new material,” she says. “It’s a moral issue. When I ask myself these hard questions, I ask ‘Is it necessary?’ And yes, I think it is necessary precisely because I want to use this material that makes up so much of our culture. Part of the environmental issue

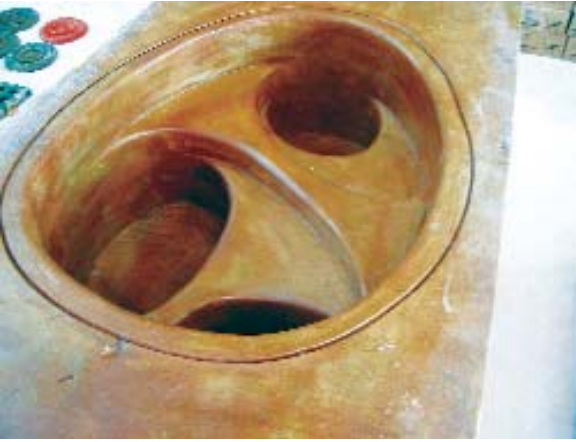
is that the plastic is used once and then thrown away, but as artwork, hopefully it won’t get thrown away, so it isn’t consumed in the way we usually use Styrofoam.”

Tse grew up in Hong Kong and now lives in Los Angeles. The artwork she makes fills the gap between these two polar existences: supply and demand.

“Sometimes you see artwork from someone from outside the United States, and you can tell that that’s a Latin or Korean artist because the work references something in their cultural heritage. I don’t think that there is anything that jumps out from my work and says that I’m Chinese or from Hong Kong, necessarily,” she reflects. “It is all about it, just not directly. There is the whole issue of commodity, artificially, synthetic exchange and movement—all coming from the place I grew up in.”

For Tse, the stuff that surrounds her and her cultural heritage are one and the same. It is plastic: malleable and rigid, beautiful and artificial. ©

Mimi Zeiger is editor of the architecture + pop culture zine, *loud paper*. She also writes frequently for *Dwell Magazine*.



Above: Behind the sheen: fabricating *Shelf Life* at Warner Brothers.



THE DELGADOS



"HATE" the stunning follow-up to the Mercury Prize nominated album "The Great Eastern"!

HATE

"It takes a secret of immense ambition and sophistication, a bold vision, a beautifully calibrated modulation on the messy business of life." - *Mojo*

UK edition contains the complete "HATE" sessions including two bonus tracks and an enhanced video.



You can preview "HATE" at www.hoggit.com/us/delgados



The Supreme Source for Your Musical Inspiration!



• Over 1,000,000 new & used CDs in stock!

• 1,000s of new & used DVDs Videos, and Laser discs!

• Rare Posters, collectables and memorabilia!

amoebamusic.com

• Huge Indie & Import Selection
• Lowest Everyday prices on New CDs!
• Highest Prices Paid in Cash or Trade for unwanted CDs, LPs, DVDs and Videos!

BERKELEY
2455 TELEGRAPH AVE.
510-549-1125

SAN FRANCISCO
1855 HAIGHT ST.
415-831-1200

HOLLYWOOD
6400 SUNSET BLVD.
323-245-6400

"all the wrong people have
the power of suggestion
and the freedom of the press
is meaningless
if nobody asks a question."
-a.d.

ani di franco
EVOLVE

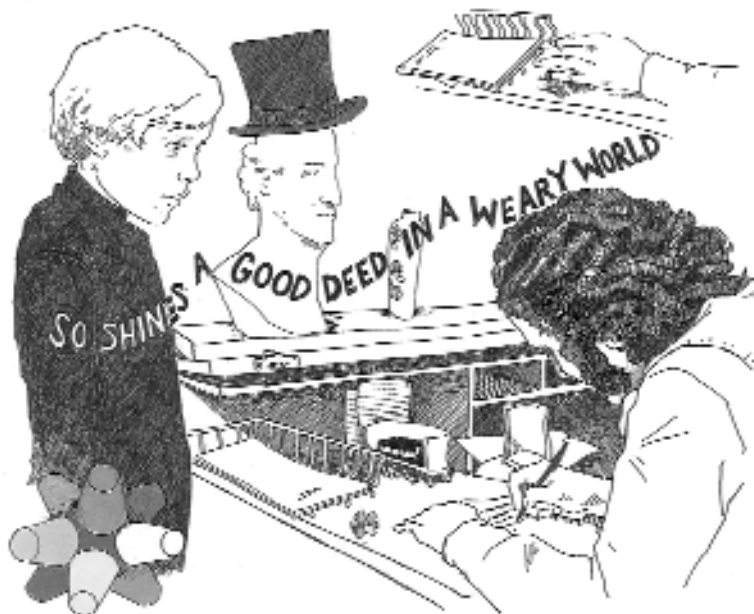
Evolve is Ani DiFranco's latest batch of thought-provoking, deeply personal songs. It's the definitive musical statement from the Little Folk singer and her 5-piece band.



IN STORES
MARCH 11, 2003



RIGHTFOUS BARE RECORDS
WWW.RIGHTFOUSBARE.COM



Built by Wendy

7 Centre Market Place NYC
(212) 925-6538
www.builtbywendy.com

reddingk

jordancrane
minisandbooks
silkscreenedposters
weeklycomics
andstuff
reddingk.com

minis:
keeping two \$2
the shortcut \$3

books:
cal-dee \$8
the last lonely saturday \$8

include \$1 for postage

4013 1/2 Leeward Ave
Los Angeles CA 90005




10th ANNIVERSARY



MELTCOMICS.COM

All logos and likenesses of characters are property of
Meltdown Inc. Mel & Melton characters © Dan Clowes

Ann Summa punk rock photographs 1979-1984 exhibition quality custom fiber prints



Black Flag, Circle Jerks, Clash, Gun Club, X, Blasters, Specials, Madness, Johnny Rotten, Cramps, Germs, Silts, Magazine, Richard Hell, Police, Nina Hagen, Bad Brains, Pere Ubu, Wall of Voodoo, Dead Kennedys, Suburban Lawns, Minutemen, and every other LA band you can think of...

Also available:

Exhibition quality color prints of Lance Loud ("An American Family") All proceeds to benefit LA Gay and Lesbian Center

www.annsumma.com

Sound of the beast

THE COMPLETE HEADBANGING HISTORY OF

heavy metal

by IAN CHRIS

OVER 100 INTERVIEWS
WITH MEMBERS OF:

BLACK SABBATH
METALLICA
JUDAS PRIEST
HAPALM DEATH
SLIPKNOT
KISS
SLAYER
PUBLIC ENEMY
AND MANY MORE!



INCLUDES:

- Timeline of the first 30 years
- Genre boxes defining metal off-shoots
- Bonus lists on the best metal albums of all time
- Inside stories on Twisted Sister, Megadeth, Emperor, Stryper and much, much more!

ON SALE 4/1/03

HarperEntertainment

An Imprint of HarperCollins Publishers
www.harpercollins.com

IN HARDCOVER WHEREVER
BOOKS ARE SOLD
www.soundofthebeast.com



from Shawn Mortensen:

Just A Poem - A JUST Poem

Here - it's too hard to believe - to swallow -
it's making EVERYONE I know want to drink -
to get drunk. We are at war and going
deeper and we don't want to go -
the "everyday people" people - being led by
a President who wears a Stere Wonder
(a visor), but does not listen to what
he says! Sad.

We are in the dark
War is black magic!
These are the days we have all feared.
The blind leading the blind

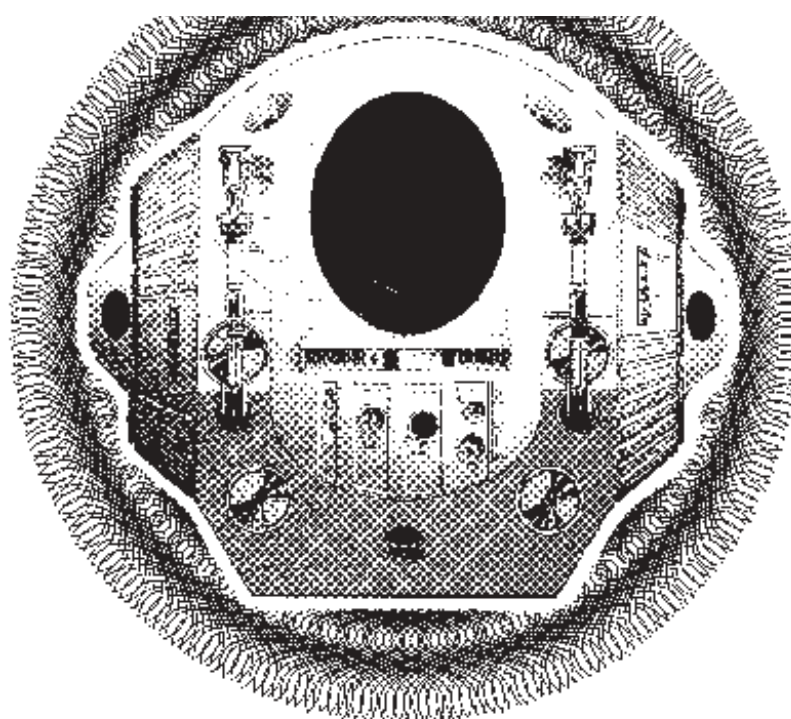
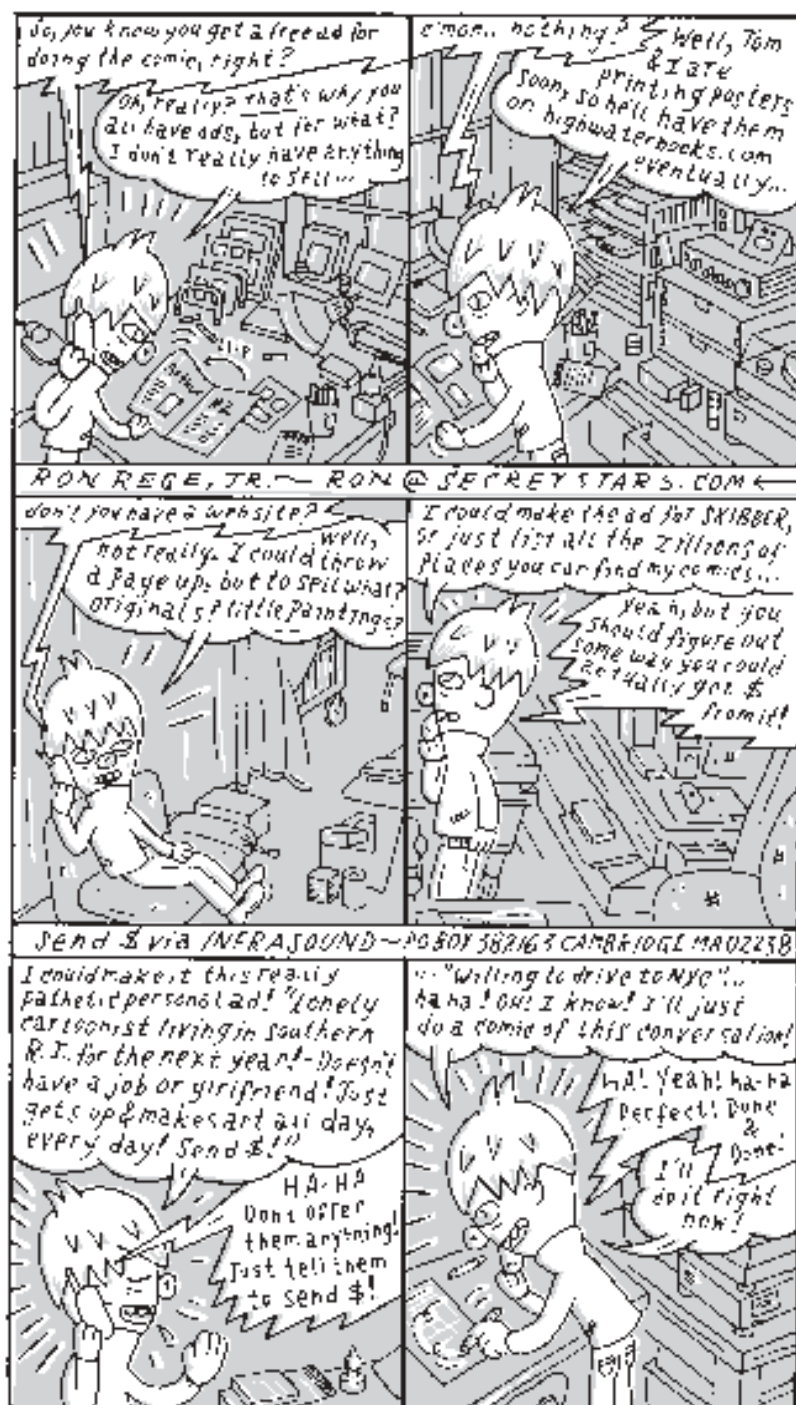
Where is our clean water? Everywhere in
New York City are signs that say
"Conserve water." Water. They sell it now
Pepsi Co. and Coca-Cola Corp.
Like Soda pop.
Gotta have it!

Will someday the U.S.A. invade Canada
for it's fresh water?

We are in a drought.
It is raining outside
I thought I was having a nightmare,
but this is LIFE now.

They kill poets now ya know and DJ's too -
Sounds crazy. It is. True.
These are the days of our lives
Plenty of opera - too much Soap - not enough water.
As the World turns, and I think it still does -
but I wish everything could just stop. The war,
The vengeance My dear friends and their drug dependence
The fear. The invisible. The unseen. The ineffable. The
Intangible. The brave. The lost. The losing. The winning.
The lot.

WE not ME. US not YOU. THINK.
Is a war FOUGHT BY ROBOTS / DRONES ANY
BETTER? OR WORSE? WHO WOULD HAVE ONE (WIN)?
WHO WOULD HAVE LOST? AT WHAT COST?
11/1/02



Man is the Bastard Noise+Unicorn

full length CD split \$8.00 ppd usa

500 piece limited edition of deep space funeral proceedings
captured on the digital audio medium w/small vinyl stickers from
each unit you can slap on your gasoline transport or elsewhere.
Hand inked letterpress packaging in archival plastic sleeve.



RRREVENGE MITBastard Noise ZCD set
If It Be Not True MITBastard Noise ZCDs & book
MITBastard Noise / Bizarre Uphear Split CD
MITBastard Noise / Spastic Colon Split CD
MITBastard Noise Live in Portland 11/02 Poster

\$10.00 ppd usa
\$12.00 ppd usa
\$7.00 ppd usa
\$7.00 ppd usa
\$7.00 ppd usa



Thumbprint
u.s.a. Press

www.thumbprintpress.com
po box 683 san pedro california 90733

Hooked on Polyphonics

Tim DeLaughter is the cheerful mastermind behind THE POLYPHONIC SPREE, the world's happiest symphonic pop band. Ornate on record and staggering live, the grand tradition of Texas psychedelia has never sounded so ecstatic—or tasted so sweet.

by Gabe Soria

“This is going to be fun,” says the impish man with the curly black hair. He’s dressed in a flowing white robe, and he chuckles. The crowd titters in agreement. Then, like the thunder-clap before a sudden and wonderful summer rainstorm, a firecracker burst of a drum roll breaks the anticipatory silence and the band behind and besides the man kicks in, and the choir behind them starts boogeying and the hairs on the back of your neck are standing up because you feel like you’re rocketing down the first drop of the world’s best wooden roller coaster, full of terror and elation, brimming with the beauty and potential of life, coupled with a stirring acknowledgment of its sadness and inevitable mortality.

“This is gonna be fun,” said the man in the white robe, and he wasn’t telling tales out of school. The band—the French horn player, the trombonist, the harpist, the flautist, the drummer, the ten person choir, and so on—are, like the singer, dressed in matching white robes, and although they’re only two songs into their set at the second anniversary of Dallas’ Good Records store, you can hear that they’re already working up an ecstatic sweat. The audience is besides themselves with excitement. And then the defiant simplicity of the song’s main refrain, almost like a school yard chant, comes in:

“You gotta be good!

“You gotta be strong!

“You gotta be two thousand places at once!”

By the time the song winds down, the entire audience will be chanting along, singing with the band, hands in the air, beaming, beatific smiles on their faces. The only people enjoying it more than the folks watching are the band themselves, all two dozen of them looking like they’re fit to burst from elation. That is what watching the Polyphonic Spree live is like. It’s the type of thing that makes you raise your hands up and say “Yeah!” while joyous tears of hope and fear brim at your eyes.

“So... how was your day?” I ask.

“Today was... wow,” laughs

Polyphonic Spree ringmaster Tim DeLaughter, 37, over the phone from Dallas. He excuses himself from his dinner companions—he explains that the maelstrom of noise and chatter in the background is simply the sound of what seems to be his hometown’s busiest Tex-Mex restaurant—and walks outside to continue our conversation in relative silence. And this isn’t the first time he’s going to say that word, that “wow.” It peppers his speech liberally, and the way he wraps his soda-pop sweet Texas accent (it splits the difference aw-shucks good-ol’ boy and cosmic space cowboy) around it, it’s given its due as the English language’s best shorthand for awe and amazement. This fella (and his band) have got a lot of time for the wonder and the glory in this terrible and grim world and he wears it on his sleeve.

“We’re recording our second record right now,” he says, “So my mornings consist of—I have three kids and my wife is one of the singers and also one of the managers of the group—my mornings consist of getting up, running around, taking baths, trying to get the kids

Imagine Vince Guaraldi writing Charlie Brown pop while on a Flaming Lips-n-gospel binge.

dressed (which is a total nightmare), and once we do that we head to the donut shop. They like to get donuts, so we do that and then we get them off to school, and that’s basically when our other day starts. We take care of all the things we need to take care of and then we head to the studio around 11:30 and spend all day here until midnight tonight. I’m just taking a break to get something to eat.”

And a break seems to be in order. Formed late in 2000 by DeLaughter (formerly of indie-rock could-have-

beens Tripping Daisy, who broke up in 1999 after the overdose death of guitarist Wes Berggren) with a mere dozen members, by the beginning of the 2002, the Polyphonic Spree had doubled in size (the youngest band member is 17, and in what would seem a natural evolution, some members of the band are in relationships, some used to be in relationships, and some are related). They self-released their debut album, *The Beginning Stages of...* on the Good Records label in February (Tim is one of the owners of Good Records, both the label and its eponymous record store), and it was one of last year’s most surprising records—imagine Vince Guaraldi writing a record of Charlie Brownesque symphonic pop while on a Flaming Lips-n-gospel binge and combine that with an edge of oddly familiar sadness, the sort of late summer twilight melancholia that you half remember from your childhood, memories filmed in grainy seventies film stock. It was a stunning record to say the least, but they were still simply a glorious oddity all but unknown outside the Dallas area.

But then came their now legendary show in March at the South by Southwest music festival in Austin.

That rare out-of-town show was received rapturously by those in attendance, instantly lifting the band from Dallas obscurity to genuine phenomenon. After that, the floodgates opened dramatically. The Spree have been over to England three times (once at the behest of David Bowie for the Meltdown festival he curated, and in a tip of the hat to one of their spiritual forefathers, they began including Bowie’s “Five Years” into their set; their titanically heartfelt version of the song has become a highlight of their shows), stormed New York twice and even made it out to Los Angeles. (While they have tour support when they travel to England, the band is proud of the fact that their (limited) touring in the States is generally self-financed.) Jarvis Cocker of Pulp offered his services and directed a stunningly sumptuous and endearingly goofy video for the band’s second British single, “Hanging Around.” They’ve been

remixed. They’ve remixed others. And as of last December, they were hard at work recording the follow-up to their debut record *The Beginning Stages of...*, preparing for their third annual

Lift Every Voice and Sing

Like Walt Whitman, the Polyphonic Spree contains multitudes, and ARTHUR wanted to give the rest of the band the opportunity to put in their collective two cents by asking three boilerplate questions:

- 1) Recommend a book
- 2) Tell us how you got mixed up with the Polyphonic Spree.
- 3) What is your ultimate ambition?

This is what they had to say...

Roy Ivy, choir muppet

- 1: *Confederacy of Dunces*, John Kennedy Toole
- 2: Dumb luck and a little drunken bravado.
- 3: To be able to support myself, a wife, and kids by making good music. To never work a day job again.

Jessica Jordan, choir

- 1: *Love You Forever*, Sheila McGraw
- 2: The first Polyphonic show I went to was the first annual Christmas show. This also was the day I knew I was pregnant. Mix those two for a bizarre emotional experience. Fell in love with the band. A little over a year later, asked to audition for an opening there was in the choir.
- 3: To live happily ever after

James Reimer, trombone

- 1: *The Way Of Zen*, Alan Watts
- 2: If anything, I have become a lot less mixed up...
- 3: To absolve myself of ultimate ambitions.

Toby “Little Bean” Halbrooks, theremin, synth, tambo, rock moves

- 1: *Wise Blood*, Flannery O’Connor
- 2: I smashed a drum set, broke guitars, ripped up a feather pillow, and inadvertently impressed some people in The Polyphonic Spree.
- 3: To be as awesome as possible all the time.

Michael Turner, choir

- 1: *Franny and Zooey*, J.D. Salinger
- 2: The Polyphonic Spree had already performed about five shows before the first time I saw them and they instantly became my favorite band. There was a very strong, familiar feeling in the air in that room that night. The Spree immediately seemed like the band I had waited my whole life to see, without even knowing it. Not long after, my good friend Charlie introduced me to Jennifer Jobe (lead chorister), who soon became a good friend as well and learned of my love for The Polyphonic Spree (I was now going to every show). She asked if I could sing, received a shy demonstration, talked to Tim, invited me to a rehearsal, and the next night I performed in my first show with The Spree. I was so nervous; my friends all later told me I looked like I was going to pass out or be sick, but I was so excited. I’m still excited!
- 3: Well, I guess my primary goal is to SHARE LOVE — to collaborate and create positive, hopeful, strong, encouraging, honest, beautiful things, energies, systems, works of art, maybe even children, that might survive for future generations, in whatever form makes sense in the

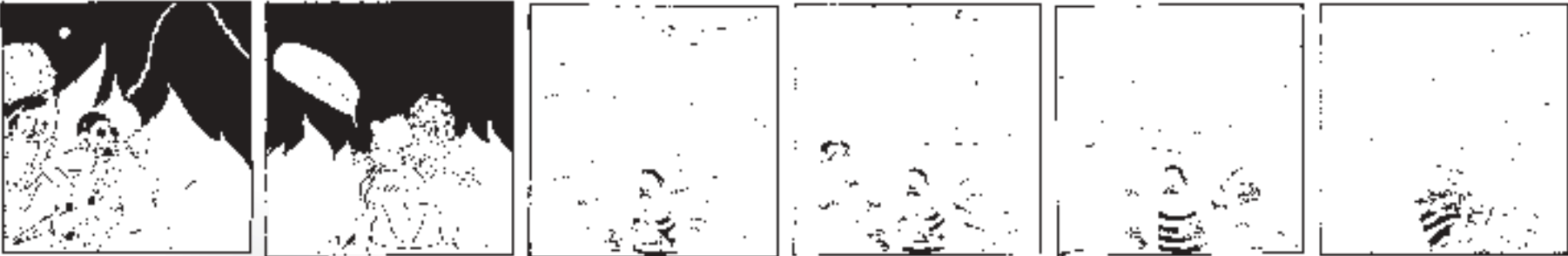


Paul Pope



Spree leader Tim DeLaughter: "Today was...WOW."

The Polyphonic Spree



Christmas revue (Tim promises real reindeer, stilt walkers, Christmas films, two sets by the band, performance art hairdressers and milk and cookies) as well as another British tour. This would be impressive for your average working band, but for a band made up of 24 people... whew. That's dedication. That's a work ethic. What that is not is your average touring band. And for a lot of folks, that sort of co-operation is suspect. Average people just do not do this sort of thing: they don't get along, they don't have a purpose, they don't pass out two page newsletters out at their shows entreating the audience to join something called "The Happiness Revival."

If it all seems a bit... spiritual, that's because it is. Many of the band are, in fact, religious. DeLaughter unabashedly admitted as much in an NME interview, but noted that "the majority of the band don't go to church," and when on to say, "Are we preaching about God? No, not really. But are we singing about life and a better way of looking about things?

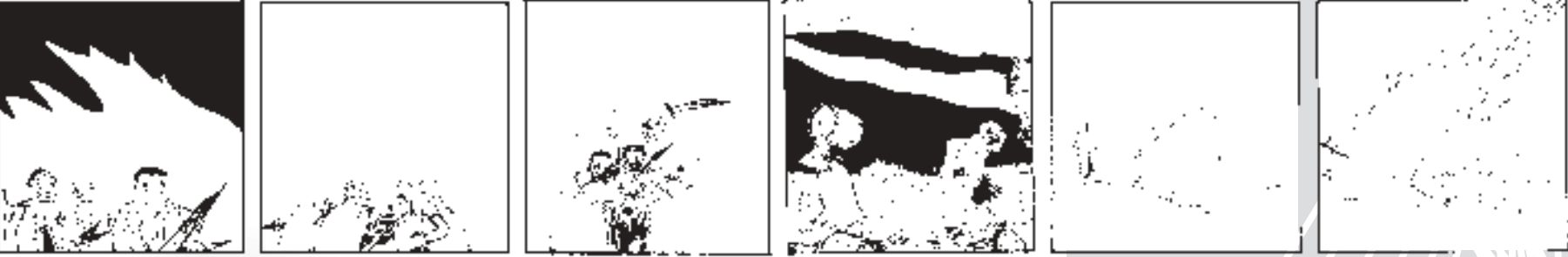
by the Polyphonic Spree and our shows really seem to be spirited and I'm completely moved along with everybody else in the group. I've never been moved like that before in past musical expe-

Average people don't pass out two-page newsletters called 'The Happiness Revival' at their shows.

riences. " There's a certain spirit that's conveyed and conjured up when this band plays and I'm experiencing it at the same time that everybody else is. When I put this thing together I was not even thinking about the aftermath of the Polyphonic Spree, like what we would

because it's totally evolving in front of us, the people that are doing it, just as much as much as it is the audience."

He pauses, chews a mental thumb-nail, winds up for his next thought. "[The love between the band] shows when we play together. I'm a fan, too. You always want that experience of being in the audience, of being able to hear it like an audience member. That's the biggest dilemma of anybody creating music: they want to experience it like you would. And when this was coming together, I would come in and I had ideas of how it would sound and all, but it was all in the head, I hadn't heard it yet. So I'm in my living room when we were first getting together, and I was just playing guitar, and we started adding some instruments, and at first I said that we were going to improvise and for the other guys to just play whatever turns you on at that



Yeah, I think so." It's this sort of talk that has caused some earnest and cynical wags to put two and two together and get five, calling the band the "c" word and making snide references about not drinking the Kool-Aid. They are, after all, from Texas, a state that has a history of producing more than its fair share of megalomaniacs and acid-damaged psychedelic music messiahs. DeLaughter sighs and explains that Jonestown-style messianic apocalypse is just about the furthest thing from his mind.

" It got a little bit irritating over there [in England] because that's the first thing they'd say. It's cheeky journalism at its best. Of course you're going to play that side of it up. It's funny. And I'll go along with it, it's great. But at the same time I'm starting to think about it like what if I find out ten years on down the line, you know, this is a cult. I don't know, maybe it is. I don't think it is, it certainly wasn't the intent by any stretch of the imagination, but people are really moved

do, it was self-centered. I always wanted to create something sonically that was appealing to me for a long time and that was strictly my agenda at that particular time. I had no idea what was

"I just wanted to hear what it would sound like. By the time we finished playing the first song, I was weeping."

going to come after that, you don't know how the people in your band are going to react, because I didn't know half of them. It's just one of those things that you don't know about until you do them, and that's what's so exciting about it, it's

particular point, just play it. I just wanted to hear what it would sound like. We started doing one song, and everybody starts playing, and they were automatically sensitive to where other people were going to interject their part, orchestrating themselves and improvising at the same time, and by the time the song was over I was WEeping. I had tears running down my cheeks. I felt it, I experienced it. I was like "Oh my God! It's happening!" I was overwhelmed and the band was looking at me like I was crazy, but they were getting excited because I was getting so excited, and I was like "This is wonderful!" And so I got a glimpse of what people can get from this band. It can be a bit overwhelming.

The feedback and response that I get from people when I'm talking to them after a show, if it's a really on show, or even if it's a mediocre show, the choice of words that they use to describe the experience of seeing the band... it's real spirited." ▶

moment. I want to be challenged to understand and accept differences, just as I want to be understood and accepted.

Evan Anthony Hisey, I play organ/synth for The Polyphonic Spree

- 1: In Watermelon Sugar, Richard Brautigan. I've read it 3 times, but each time it fills me with a wonderful sadness of the beauty of life, the relationships that we have, and how fleeting they can unfortunately be.
- 2: I used to buy 'shrooms off Tim back in the '50s. whenever we would start peaking, we would talk about how cool it would be to play in a band together. Kind of a free jazz/Beatles thing in mind with a little Mozart thrown in so the parents wouldn't cut off our trust funds.
- 3: Seriously: happiness, in a nutshell. but I'm trying to learn the value of complete honesty with my friends, and with myself foremost.

Mark Pirro, Bass player of the Polyphonic Spree

- 1: The Bible Code. A number one best seller investigating a 'hidden' code within the original hebrew text of the bible. supposedly, predictions are revealed regarding modern day events. [Editor's note: This book is absolute bullocks.]
- 2: Tim and I played nine years together in a previous band called Tripping Daisy. A year and half after Tripping Daisy broke up, Tim asked me if I would be interested in playing bass in a new project he had been planning to put together called the Polyphonic Spree. I, of course, said, "yes."
- 3: To be the first to own and operate a full recording studio on the moon once human beings functionally colonize it.

Audrey Easley, Flutes

- 1: The Alchemist, Paulo Coelho
- 2: Tim called me after hearing about me from a cello player.
- 3: To have David Lee Roth wear a maid's uniform while he cleans my house and while we're listening to the soundtrack to *Blue Velvet*.

Stephen Shelton Kirkham, backup yeller

- 1: *Wendel, His Cat, and the Progress of Man* by V. Campunodi
- 2: By being mixed up with Toby Halbrooks.
- 3: To always improve as a musician and a man, so it's really more of a perpetual ambition than an ultimate one. Ultimately, one day I will die. That is the only ultimate I know in my life.

Chris Curiel, "My role is to learn, which I have, and in return, to give what I have learned. I also happily play the trumpet in the band."

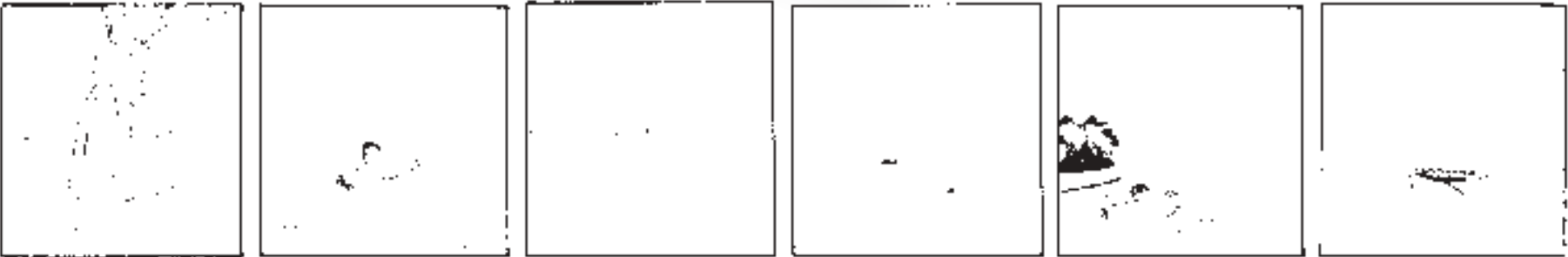
- 1: *The Stand*, Stephen King
- 2: Mark McKeever, our keyboardist, invited me to a rehearsal and I jumped in, did my thing, Tim dug it, and said "You're in."
- 3: To have meaning, to be fulfilled, to expect more out of myself than others expect out of me, and to be a genuine friend to everyone that I meet.

Mike Melendi, percussion

- 1: *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky.
- 2: Toby said I could sing. He lied.
- 3: To do whatever I want for the rest of MY life.

Christy Stewart, choir

- 1: *Job*, Robert Heinlein. Vaguely based on the book Job ▶



SAMMY HARKHAM IS THE EDITOR OF THE COMICS ANTHOLOGY KRAMERS ERGOT. IN 2002 HE WAS NOMINATED FOR AN IGNATZ AWARD AND EXHIBITED AT THE POETRY/OF/SEX GALLERY IN TOKYO. HE IS 22. AND LIVES IN LOS ANGELES. HIS WORK IS AVAILABLE AT WWW.AVODAHBOOKS.COM

CALEXICO



qs78 Cd \$15 / 2xLp \$16

Feast of Wire

Out February 18th - On tour this spring!

"The mix of country and urban is innovative and ambitious: one minute Smog in a Spaghetti Western, the next Peckinpah meets Pink Floyd, or Palace playing Radiohead, or Lou Reed in a mariachi band."

- MOJO



Also out now
Negative Approach - Tied Down TG03 LP (back on Vinyl)
Cargo Cult - Strange Men Bearing Gifts TG10 (first time on CD)
No Trend - Tritonian Nash-Vegas Polyester Complex TG22 (first time on CD)

DIRTY THREE



tg243 Cd \$15 / Lp \$12

SHE HAS NO STRINGS APOLLO

Out February 18th - On tour this spring!

"They manage to fit the lives of down-and-out dirt bags, broken-hearted lovers, prize fighters, painters, orphans, socialites, and dogs into each pluck of the guitar, bow of the violin, and crunch of the drum."

- SLAP SKATEBOARDING



www.dirtythree.com

Mail Order these and other titles from Touch and Go Records.
Write for your TRCC catalog, P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, Illinois 60625.
Visa and Mastercard orders please call 1(800) 3-TOUCH-IT [usa only].



the D4

"Degenerate garage punks straight outta Auckland, whose debut album careers past AC/DC, Ramones and Radio Birdman." -Time Out London

Featuring the UK singles **GET LOOSE, PARTY** and **COME ON!**

The debut album **6TWEENTY** is in stores 3/25/03



WWW.THED4.NET

FLYING NUN / HOLLYWOOD RECORDS



warsawpack
G.D.P.
warsawpack fuse hip-hop, jazz, funk and alternative rock with spot-on political critique to make the most original music we've heard in a very long time.



Che: Chapter 127
Profit Prophet
Che cite *Refused* & *Boyz n the Slit* as points of musical origin, and unabashed, revolutionary political activism as their central source of inspiration and purpose. Word to that.



Hiresukan
Invasive/Exotic
Meticulously-crafted lyrics, non-stop hardcore energy - this is fucking great, over-the-top, emotionally-driven, lyrically arresting, melodic political hardcore.



Greg MacPherson
Good Times ...
Straight-ahead rock with a healthy dose of folk and punk sensibilities. Tinges of Joe Strummer, Billy Bragg, and even Springsteen. Political songwriting at its best.

Full catalogue of radical music and spoken word at www.g7welcomingcommittee.com

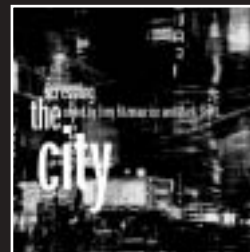


New from Verso.



Cultural Resistance Reader
Stephen Duncombe, ed.
1 85984 379 4 paper \$20

"Art is not a mirror to reflect reality, but a hammer with which to shape it."
Bertholt Brecht



Screening the City
Tony Fitzmaurice & Mark Shiel, eds.
1 85984 476 6 paper \$20

Screening the City explores the city as a metaphor in contemporary cinema, from *Crash* to *Menace II Society*.



The Final Frontier
America, Science & Terror
Dominick Jenkins
1 85984 682 3 cloth \$25

A clarion call to join the resistance against the return of empire and a stirring manifesto for the emerging global peace movement.



An Act of State
The Assassination of Martin Luther King
William Pepper
1 85984 682 3 cloth \$25

"Forget what you think you know..."
Publisher's Weekly



www.versobooks.com



in the Bible and if you are familiar with that book it's full of craziness. The overall feel of the book is that love is ultimately all you need.

2: I became mixed up with the Spree originally when Mark [McKeever] joined. After the first show Tim was talking to Mark about needing another female choir member and Mark let Tim know that I could sing. Tim asked me to join the choir that day.

3: My ultimate ambition is for Mark and I to have a wonderful life together and for us to raise wonderful children when we have them and to be able to both stay home and watch them grow.

Jennie Kelley, choir

1: *Immortality*, Milan Kundera.

2: I sang back-up vocals with Julie on a Tripping Daisy demo - quite childlike in sound. At the time I was in a relationship with Mark Pirro when Tim asked me if I would like to sing in the choir in his new project.

3: Live and love—is that vague enough?

Kelly Repka, choir

1: *Red Dragon*, Thomas Harris

2: I've sang all my life and one day my aunt called and said "Would you like to sing on a CD for us?" of course I said yes and the rest is history.

3: To make music, and spread our music around the world.

Jesse "PoDunk" Hester, choir

1: *Howl*, Allen Ginsberg.

2: When I was ten or eleven, I met Tim and Julie around the corner from my house and we became well acquainted. I played my music for Tim as I grew, and at the age of seventeen he called me and asked me if I wanted to help him, and I said, "YES. I still want to help you."

3: My ultimate ambition is to use my own band, Sweet Lee Morrow (named for Tim's grandfather William Lee Morrow, A.K.A. Bill), to spread a good message throughout our world in a huge way.

Mark McKeever, "Been known to: tinkle the plastic and genuine ivories, fiddle with the Moog Rogue, sample some mad sounds yo, blow on a trumpet, and has also been caught synthin' it."

1: The Bible

2: Tim asked me nicely

3: To live a happy, peaceful and productive life making music and lovin'.

And spirited it is. But what many seem to overlook about the Spree is the streak of melancholy that runs throughout their music. DeLaughter has acknowledged that his mourning of Berggren was one of the motivating factors for forming the Polyphonic Spree. Happy and uplifting they may be, but there is indeed a sadness about the band—the rousing second track of *The Beginning Stages of...*, "Sun", seems to make oblique reference to Berggren's death when, in-between rapturous choir breaks, DeLaughter sadly sings "Suicide is a shame." The band's music can, at times, be majestically bittersweet.

"Yeah, the first record, to me that's a very somber record," DeLaughter says. "But at the same time the overtones of it are positive. Lyrically speaking that's the kind of the stuff I always write about, it's always about aspiring and wanting more and hope. You can have everything you want, you're capable of everything that you want to do and it's always like that, in relationships, anything. And I know that, but at the same time it's still kind of somber to me."

But he brightens up when asked about the album the band is working on. As yet untitled and due sometime in late summer, it is, by DeLaughter's reckoning, going to be a sprawling monster of a recording.

"It's hard for me to end these

songs," he admits. "*The Beginning Stages of...* seems like one big song to me. That whole record was written on guitar and the majority, 95 percent of this record was written on piano. I've got some songs that are thirteen minutes long on here that I just don't want to end, that I just want to keep going, but that's where the next song begins, you know? We were talking

"We've always overloaded our plates. We really wouldn't have it any other way."

about [putting out a double CD] the other day. It might turn out to be like that." He pauses.

"We've got a lot of music," he laughs as he simply sums up.

"I hate being in a band and talking about it because I'm really excited," he continues. "I think that it's fantastic. I think people are really going to be, um... it's just a major contribution to music today and I'm real fortunate and privileged to be a part of it. I'm happy to be part of it because it's great. It's going to be amazing. It has

everything that the first record has, because it's the Polyphonic Spree, there's no changes there, this band doesn't have to reinvent itself, it is what it is and it's just more of what was already on there. As you listen to it, it's more and more like you're listening to a musical."

A musical? Is he kidding? Not at all. And he doesn't mean concept record. He means musical.

Whether this would take the form of a Ziggy Stardust-esque conceptual concert or turn into a full-fledged stage show is up in the air. It is, at the moment, simply cloud talk. But it's still occupying DeLaughter's mind.

"I've been thinking about that seriously for quite some time, because that's what I was getting from it, as this thing was evolving an unfolding, I was like 'Oh my God, this thing now is like a musical.' There again, that wasn't the intention, but when you leave something alone and let it do what it's going to do, you get to be surprised about what its going to be. So yeah, I've been getting hints of that and it's starting to make sense to me, because how I write songs, and how I was writing these new songs and why did they have this musical feel, especially this new record as well. I'm not really one who sits down and writes lyrics. I evolve the lyrics out of listening to music, I'll sit there and hear the music I'm playing and all of a





Squealer Music

Circle
Gold Sparkle Band
Major Stars
Last Days of May
Acid Mothers Temple
Charles Curtis
Shiny Beast

Exclusively Distributed by Surefire Distribution.

Museum of Comic and Cartoon Art

MoCCA

ART FESTIVAL 2003

Jessica ABEL • Signa BAUMANE • Amanda CONNER • Howard CRUSE • Evan DORKIN • DRAWN and QUARTERLY • Phoebe GLOECKNER • GRAPHIC ARTISTS GUILD • Klaus JANSON • Denis KITCHEN • James KOCHALKA • Peter KUPER • Jason LITTLE • Patrick MCDONNELL • Mike MIGNOLA • Bill PLYMPTON • Ted RALL • Jeff SMITH • Art SPIEGELMAN • Craig THOMPSON • TOP SHELF PRODUCTIONS

SUNDAY • June 22 • 2003

11am to 7pm • The Puck Building • 293 Lafayette Street at Houston Street • NYC • www.moccany.org

Museum of Comic and Cartoon Art offices:
32 Union Square East, Suite 600,
New York, NY 10003 Tel: 212.254.3511
Festival E-mail: artfestival@moccany.org
General E-mail: info@moccany.org
© 2003 Museum of Comic and Cartoon Art

The Polyphonic Spree

sudden it spawns this mental picture and then as I'm playing it's constantly unfolding, I'm singing what I'm seeing in my head. and it kind of plays this little role out, just like a musical would. If you could visualize everything that I'm singing about, it would totally play itself out. But at the same time, just the aspect of the band, forming together and getting out there and doing what we do and the crowd interacting and the stories that are being told, it's just... wow. It's turning into that."

If it all seems like a bit much to the average person, DeLaughter insists that he wouldn't have it any other way.

"Our plate is full and we're really, really busy. We've always overloaded our plates so to speak, it's a pattern we've always been into. My wife and I have been together for twenty years and we like it like that. It's stressful sometimes but it's also exhilarating and it keeps you on your toes. You get the most out of it. We're kind of used to it. It freaks some people out when we tell 'em what we've got going on. When they find out, they're like 'How the hell are you balancing all of this?' and it's just years of practice. We're just doing it and we really wouldn't have it any other way. We kind of get bored unless we've got a lot of things going on."

DeLaughter has that tone in his voice by now, the one that indicates that even though he'd love to be talking, he does need to get back to work. After all, his plate is full; the man does have a possible double album to fill with epic songs of gladness and sadness, a massive family of musicians to marshal and a brood of kids at home who are waiting on their pop. As we say our goodbyes, I mention that part of my intention in interviewing him and writing this article is an attempt to delineate for myself exactly what it is about the Polyphonic Spree is so affecting and special. He offers no easy answers, but commiserates with the difficulty (and possible utter futility) of putting your finger on something so ineffable.

"If you find out, well, help me out, cause I'm with you. It certainly wasn't the agenda to go and make a band that was going to spread happiness and give people a reason to feel uplifted. It wasn't about that at all and it's turned out that it was something that I had no control over. And that's the beauty of it. I'm going to find out years on down the line what the Polyphonic Spree was." ☺

Andrew Tinker, "French Horn and French Kissing extraordinaire"

- 1: *Siddhartha*, Herman Hesse
- 2: Thousands of years worth of karma.
- 3: To clear all that karma, realize God, and transcend into pure spirit when I die.

Julie Doyle, "I sing in the choir"

- 1: *Tales of a Fourth Grade Nothing*, Judy Blume
- 2: I was just supposed to, I guess.
- 3: To do a documentary on blue collar America, in particular, the day in and day out world of the Shell gas station located in Oak Cliff, Texas on Kiest Blvd.

Ricky Rasura, harpist

- 1: The F Word, a dictionary of every recorded version of "fuck."
- 2: An old college roommate told the TPS manager about me, and I auditioned for the gig.
- 3: To become president of Antarctica

Jennifer Jobe, "Lead Female Tambourine Player"

- 1: *Are You There God? It's Me, Margaret*, Judy Blume
- 2: Tim came to me in a dream and said, "Hey, ya wanna be in a band?"
- 3: To have my own secretary who does the interviews for me.

Bryan Wakeland, "Drum Pounder"

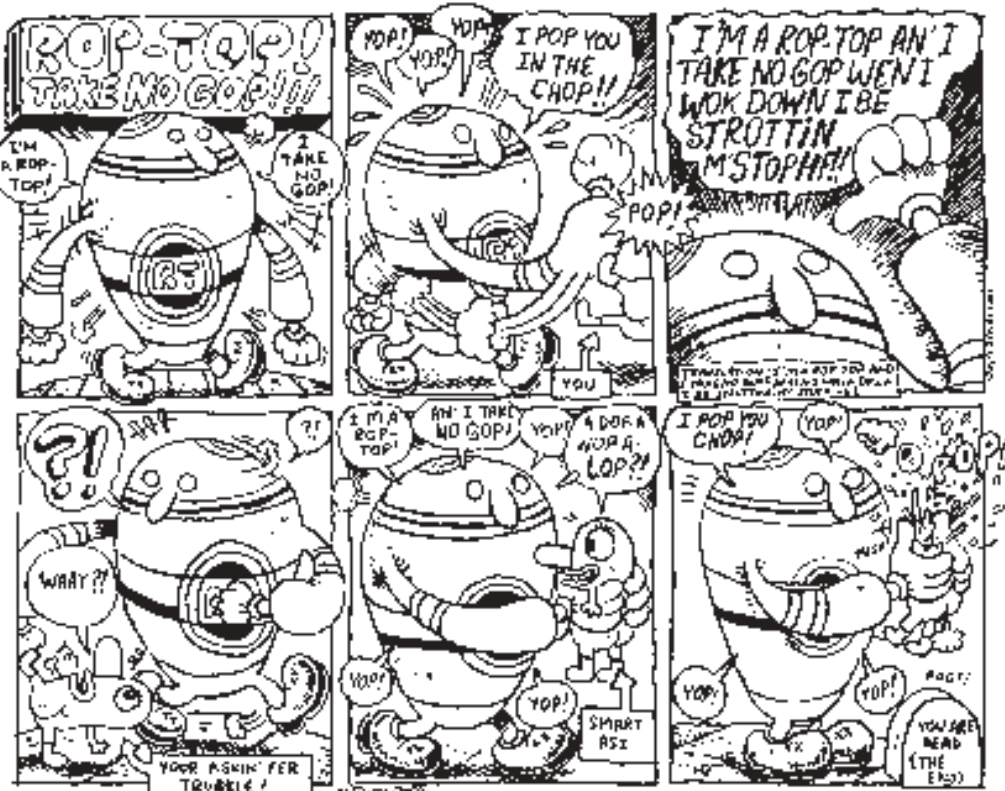
- 1: *The Artist's Way*, Julia Childs
- 2: Old timey Friends
- 3: Keep on making great music.

Ryan Fitzgerald, "Guitarist and international luvmeister"

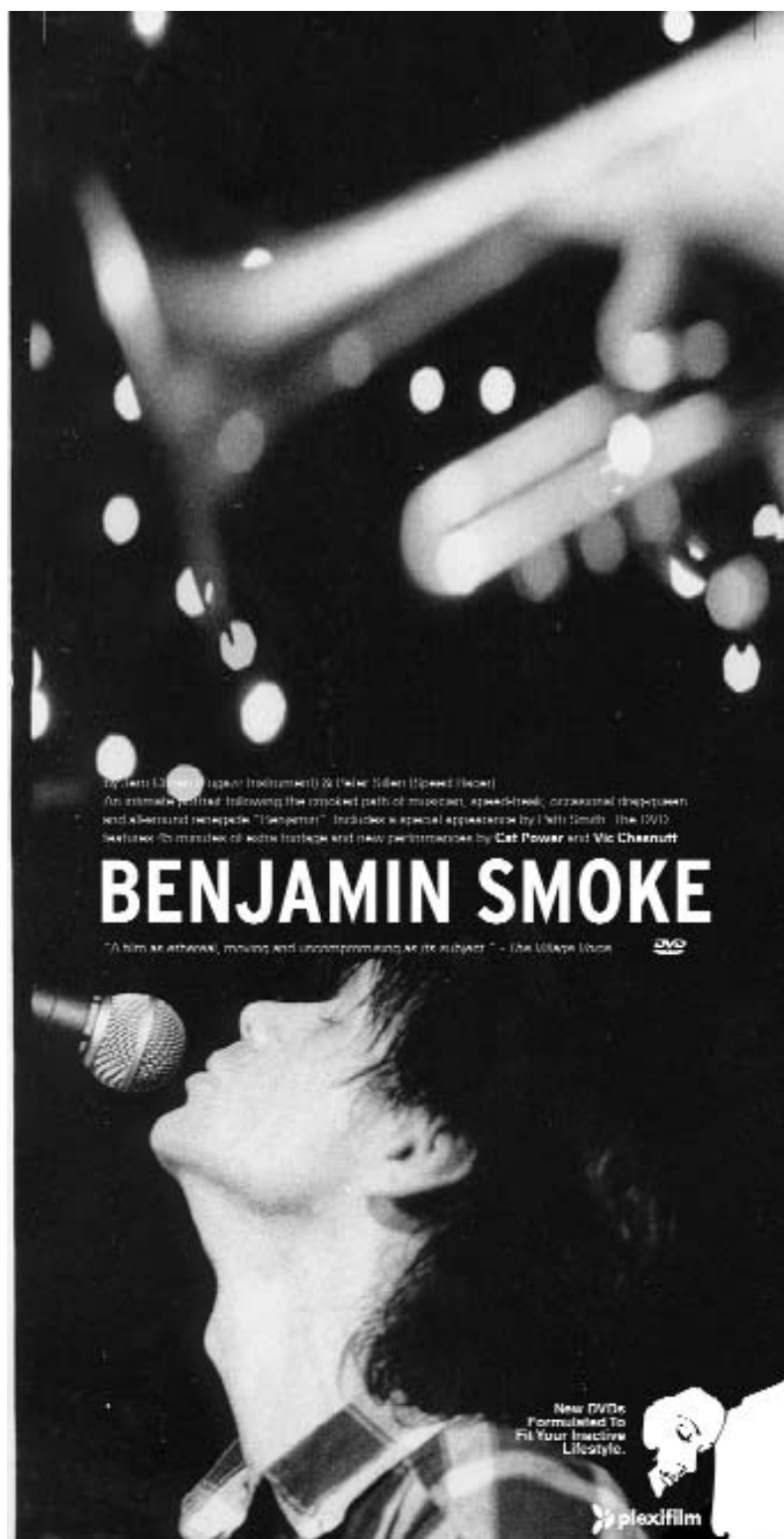
- 1: *The Giving Tree*, Shel Silverstein
- 2: Toby recruited me into the choir.
- 3: Rock stardom.

Christopher Todd Penn, Robemaster/Den Mother

1. *Shakey*, Neil Young's Biography, Jimmy McDonough. This book has a lot of merit. Initially for me it was finding out where Neil's head was at when he made some of the most influential albums of all time. Neil Young can write THE saddest songs. I dare you to listen to "Birds" off *After the Goldrush* and not get teary eyed. What wound up being the most appealing about the book was the interaction between Neil and his manager for life Elliot Roberts. They have a very interesting relationship to say the least.
2. I worked with Tim in Tripping Daisy playing various roles. I started out as a fan, did merchandise, tour managed, and did jack of all trades type jobs. I am not afraid to get my hands dirty or stay up late when needed. Red Bull is my friend. After Tripping Daisy disbanded Tim when through a bit of a funk, understandably. I booked him (without even one member of the band) with Granddaddy and Bright Eyes in the opening slot in Dallas. He had a few songs written and got together 13 or 14 people in the week before pretty much. Tim and Julie basically told me I was going to manage this monstrosity. Since then Julie has stepped forward to help out and we have brought other people on as we have grown. The rest as they say is history. The wonderful snowball rolls down the hill picking up speed.
3. My ultimate ambition... picture me scratching my head right now to such a question. I don't think I specifically know that right now but I think before I know it that my ultimate ambition will be right in front of me. Opportunity presents itself; you do have to have vision but you also have to make the "right" decisions. Sometimes I feel like Lloyd Dobler in every way. ☺



MARC BELL IS AN ARTIST BASED IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. HE IS A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR TO VICE MAGAZINE, THE MONTREAL MIRROR, HALIFAX COAST, AS WELL AS NUMEROUS OTHER PUBLICATIONS. HIS FIRST COLLECTION, "SHRIMPY AND PAUL AND FRIENDS" HAS JUST BEEN RELEASED BY HIGHWATER BOOKS. TO ORDER GO TO WWW.HIGHWATERBOOKS.COM



VERSION
CITY
RECORDS
COM

dan melchior's broke revue
the amber smith
microwaves
the SSION
oneida
blutt
liars

2003

carpark records **P**

introducing the carpark family

carpark:
"wanna buy a craprak?" cd compilation
dinky "black cabaret" cd/double lp
ogurusu norihide "modern" cd
takagi masakatsu "journal for people" dvd/cd

Acute:
theoretical girls "theoretical record" cd
glenn branca "the ascension" cd

paw tracks:
animal collective "ark" cd/lp

p.o. box 20368
new york, ny 10009

www.carparkrecords.com
www.acuterecords.com
www.paw-tracks.com

A Man That Mattered

JOE STRUMMER was a spectacular, inspirational human being.

by Kristine McKenna

When the Clash first burst on the scene in 1977 I dismissed them for the same reason I've always hated U2. Their music struck me as humorless, self-important political blather that wasn't remotely sexy or fun. Definitely not for me. Nonetheless, being a dedicated punk I had to check them out when they made their Los Angeles debut at the Santa Monica Civic on February 9th, 1979, and what I saw that night changed my mind—just a little, though. As expected, Mick Jones came off as a typical rock fop who clearly spent far too much time thinking about neckerchiefs and trousers. Joe Strummer, however, was something else. With the exception of Jerry Lee Lewis, I'd never seen anyone that furiously alive on stage. Legs pumping, racing back and forth across the stage, singing with a frantic desperation that was simultaneously fascinating and puzzling, he was an incredibly electric presence.

At the press conference following the show that night, L.A.'s ranking punk scribe, Claude Bessy, jumped up and snarled, "This isn't a press conference—this is a depressing conference!" (Jeez, tempers always ran so high during that first incarnation of the punk scene—who knows why the hell our panties were in such a twist!) I remember that Strummer looked genuinely hurt by the comment. Mind you, he was a working class Brit so he wasn't about to start sniffing in his sleeve, but he didn't cop an attitude either. I was touched by how unguarded and open he was—and I was certainly impressed by the man's vigor. [*Slash magazine's report on that press conference is reprinted on page 26.—Compleatist Ed.*] I wasn't surprised when I subsequently learned that Strummer ran three marathons without having trained at all. His preparation? "Drink ten pints of beer the night before the race and don't run a single step for at least four weeks before the race."

That first show at the Santa Monica Civic didn't transform me into a Clash fan but Strummer interested me, so when the band showed up in 1981 in Manhattan, where I was living at the time, I decided to see what he was up to. The Clash had booked a nine show engagement at Bond's, an old department store on Times Square in Manhattan, and this turned out to be not a good idea. The place wasn't designed to handle the crowds the band drew, and the engagement turned into a nine day stand-off between the band and the fire marshals. I attended three nights in a row and can't recall them ever actually making it to the stage and performing. But then, that was business as usual during the glory days of punk, when gigs were forever being shut down, aborted, abruptly canceled. This was political theater, not just music, and nobody embodied that idea more dramatically than the Clash.

Cut to June 14 of the following year and I finally saw the Clash succeed in completing a full set at the Hollywood Palladium in Los Angeles. By then, I'd finally begun to appreciate the breadth and fearlessly experimental nature of the Clash's music, and Strummer was at the peak of his powers as a showman at that point. The huge hall was packed, and it was as if Strummer was a maestro conducting this undulating mass of sweaty people, with the mysterious power to raise or lower the pitch at will. Boots, beer bottles and articles of clothing flew through the air, people leapt on stage, leapt back into the arms of their friends, Strummer stood at the microphone stoking the fire, and somehow managed to keep the proceedings just a hairsbreadth short of total chaos for two hours. It was a commanding display from a man who clearly knew his job and knew his audience.

Following the break-up of the Clash in 1985, Strummer charged head-on into a busy sched-



Ann Summa

ule of disparate projects. He acted in several independent films and composed six film soundtracks, including one—for Alex Cox's lousy 1988 film, *Walker*—that was remarkably beautiful. I wrote an admiring review of the score for Musician Magazine, and a few months after it was published Strummer was passing through L.A. and he invited me to lunch in appreciation for the supportive words. We were to meet at a Thai restaurant on Sunset Boulevard, and though I was nervous on the way there, he put me at ease the minute we met. Strummer was such a genuine person that it was impossible to feel uncomfortable around him—I know it sounds corny,

but he truly was a man of the people. He was funny and generous in his assessments of people, but he didn't sugar coat things either—he had no trouble calling an asshole an asshole when it was called for. The thing that ultimately made Strummer such a spectacular human being, however, is so simple that it barely seems worth mentioning: he was interested in people. He wanted to hear your story and know what was going on in your neighborhood, he asked how you felt about things and was an empathetic listener—he paid attention! The other thing I immediately loved about him was that he was an enthusiast and a fan. Just how big a fan he was became

clear to me a few months later when he guest hosted a radio show I had at the time on KCRW. My show was at midnight on Saturday, and KCRW's office is hard to find, so our plan was to meet behind the Foster's Freeze at Pico and 14th at 11:00 P.M. He roared into the parking lot exactly on time in a car with four pals, and the lot of them tore into the record library at the station looking for the records on Strummer's playlist. His plan was to play all the records that shaped his musical taste as a teenager in the order that he discovered them, and the show he put together was equal parts history lesson and autobiography. Included in the far-flung set were

tracks by Sonny Boy Williamson, Lee Dorsey, Captain Beefheart, Bo Diddley, Hank Williams, and loads of fabulous, rare reggae and dub. His loving introduction to the Beach Boys' "Do It Again" brought tears to my eyes. Several fans crashed the studio when they heard him on the air and realized he was in town, and he welcomed them all. It was a wonderful night. He had fun too, and as he thanked me and said goodnight, he kissed me on the cheek and I blushed.

Strummer spent the next ten years struggling to re-start his career post-Clash and stumbling repeatedly. "The only thing that got me through was sheer bloody-mindedness—I just won't quit!," he told me when I interviewed him in October of 2001. We were talking on the occasion of the release of his second album with his five-man line-up, the Mescaleros, *Global A Go-Go*, which was rightfully hailed as the best work Strummer had done in years. He was happy with the record, and when I saw him perform at the Troubadour a few weeks after we spoke, he seemed happy in general.

"I've enjoyed my life because I've had to deal with all kinds of things, from failure to success to failure again," Strummer told a journalist from Penthouse Magazine in 2000. "I don't think there's any point in being famous if you lose that thing of being a human being."

That's something that was never a danger for Strummer. During that last interview (printed below, most of it never before published), I asked him what the great achievement of punk rock had been, and he replied, "it gave a lot of people something to do." I loved the complete lack of self-importance in that answer, however, this isn't to suggest that Strummer ever broke faith with punk. "Punk rock isn't something you grow out of," he told Penthouse. "Punk rock is like the Mafia, and once you're made, you're made. Punk rock is an attitude, and the essence of the attitude is 'give us some truth.'"

"And, whatever happens next is going to be bland unless you and I nause everything up," he added. "This is our mission, to nause everything up! Get in there and nause it out, upset the apple cart, destroy the best-laid plans—we have to do this! Back on the street, I say. Turn everything off in the pad and get back on the street. As long as people are still here, rock-'n'-roll can be great again."

Thank you Joe for bringing us the good news.



Ann Summa



Ann Summa

The following conversation with Strummer took place in October 2001, on the eve of his final U.S. tour during the winter of 2001-2002.

You say the great achievement of punk rock was that 'it gave a lot of people something to do.' What was its great failure?

That we didn't mobilize our forces when we had them and focus our energies in a way that could've brought about concrete social change—trying to get a repressive law repealed, for instance. We're stuck in a kind of horrible holding pattern now, and it seems to me that the only way to change it is if we get hipsters to stay in one place long enough to get elected. The problem is that no hipster wants to get elected.

I saw the Clash several times during their U.S. tours of the late '70s and early '80s, and I remember the sense that something profoundly important was at stake at those shows, that they were about something much larger than pop trends. What was at stake?

In the rush of youth you assume too much—and so it should be—but we felt that the whole machine was teetering on the brink of collapse. Some amazing things went down in Britain during the '70s—the government decided they could disempower the unions by having a three day week, for instance. Can you imagine that? Monday morning you wake up, and suddenly there's only a three day week, from Monday to Wednesday. There were garbage strikes, train strikes, power strikes, the lights were going out—everything seemed on the brink, and looking through youthful, excitable eyes it seemed the very future of England was at stake. Obviously, that's very far from the feeling these days, when everything's pretty much smugly but-toned down.

Has England recovered from the Thatcherism that dominated the

country during the years you were with the Clash?

It will never recover—and now we've got Blairism. We are so completely confused. If you think of England as a patient laying on the couch in a shrink's office I'd say it's time for the straitjacket. Imagine the party we had in England when Blair got into office after all those years of Thatcher. Everyone was cheering, 'this is the dawn of a new day,' but since then we've had no vision or justice. The Blair administration juts wants to get

don't know how it's transmitted, it's like an invisible tidal wave.

How would you characterize the Zeitgeist now?

I think people are feeling a bit cheated and frustrated. They've come to realize that voting is basically useless because either side you vote for has no more than a shade of difference from the other side, and ultimately politics is about nothing but the mighty dollar. So okay, say the people, lets forget politics and get into drugs or skateboarding—anything that passes the time and gives you some sense of freedom. People want to feel free, and it's a hard feeling to come by in this world. People have a right to change their consciousness, too, and in the back of their minds they know they have that right. So people are gonna flout the laws established to prevent them from smoking marijuana or experimenting with Ecstasy, because they know that nobody—especially a politician half pissed on gin -has the right to tell you what goes on in your mind.

You say it's hard to experience the feeling of freedom: do you feel free?

No, I do not. If I invited nine friends over to my house right now and put on an acid house record, and we stood in the garden listening to it, we'd all be arrested and fined a thousand pounds each, because in the United Kingdom it's illegal for ten or more people to listen to repetitive beats—this is in the statute books, 'repetitive beats!' People in Britain are much less free than people in many other counties because we've got really repressive laws. All bars here must close at 11:00pm, for instance. As to why I continue to live here, I really think all British people have a streak of sadomasochism. I live in the middle of nowhere, so you'd think I could get away with playing a record, but such is not the case.

Why do you live in the middle of

“It’s not a good idea to run away. You gotta smile, whistle, look self-assured, and try and fix things up a bit.”

into bed with the richest corporations, and the very notion of labor has vanished into the mist. Obviously, the worse it gets, the better it gets for artists, so culturally, England is doing okay. But politically, it's total mixed-up confusion.

What's the proper course of action when everything around you is falling apart?

It's not a good idea to run away. You gotta smile, whistle, look self-assured, and try and fix things up a bit.

Given that the Clash's music grew out of a situation specific to England, did it strike you as odd that it was embraced in America?

No, because everybody feels the same on a certain level. The Zeitgeist is a real force of nature, and although we

Slash Magazine was launched in May of 1977 to cover L.A.'s nascent punk scene, and it played a hugely influential role in galvanizing the growth of L.A. punk, and shaping the direction it took. It was a central presence in this community for three years, then its authority began to wane in October of 1980. At that point founding editors Claude Bessy and Philomena Winstanley moved to England, where Bessy worked as a V.J. at the legendary Hacienda Club in Manchester (Bessy died of lung cancer in 1991); founding publishers Steve Samiof and Melanie Nissen moved on to other projects; and L.A.'s original punk scene was corrupted by record company money and heroin. Today, Slash stands as an invaluable record of a fabulous episode of history. The excerpts from Slash Magazine presented here and on page 26 are reprinted with the generous permission of Steve Samiof.

—KRISTINE MCKENNA



SPECIAL EXTRA: The Clash on stage in London (twice), Santa Monica (once), facts, opinions, and...still no interview.

December something, in London. The Clash are playing a "Sid Vicious Defense Fund" benefit at the Music Machine. No press passes, everyone must pay, it's for the cause. Naturally it is sold out before you have time to search your pockets for the dough. I have never seen the Clash before, I shift from fear to anticipation with every tube stop. Security galore at the door and around the entrances, I suppose benefits for criminals do deserve extra loving care. Inside it looks just like them books about punk and how it used to be: scene time, the IN gig to be at tonight. Sid sure got lots of friends. First band on is the INNOCENTS, an almost all girl band (the exception is an ex-Electric Chair) that have been adopted by the Clash as their current opening band. They're all right with nothing special, it goes by without any impact, background noise to fill the void while waiting for something. They play a rather long set with virtually no response from the crowd. There are beers to score, friends to look for and strangers to be judged by their looks so no one has time to spare for the band. The music has become just one of the many elements of THE SCENE, an increasingly disturbing aspect of some gigs. Soon young bands may simply refuse to open those "special" shows once they realize it's the surest way to stay anonymous. After a long posing break some guys walked on, one of them Mick Jones on guitar, don't know and after a while didn't care who the others were. Innocuous America influenced music (even did a Dylan tune), maybe they were together for a laugh, Mick seemed to be having a good time being flash on the guitar, certainly a less demanding job playing with this bunch than being a fourth of the Clash, and a lot less imposing. The band disappeared but hardly anyone noticed.

After them the legendary Slits took over and good naturedly slobbered their own brand of everyday music: all over the joint, Ari Up decked out for the night in her version of classical entertainment gear; tired tutu probably full of cigarette holes and fishwife hairdo miraculously grown overnight to jungle proportions, their songs came across with more punch and focus one should expect from this type of stubbornly unconcerned assembly of misfits, after all Palmolive had been replaced by a genuine rock drummer so there must be hidden somewhere in this carefree parade a genuine thought or two about the future of the band, not that the Slits are yet on the verge of an EMI offer, or any kind of offer for that matter. They should be granted the honorary Los Angeles New Wave Spirit Medal for having lasted that long without any faint hint of a brighter future having materialized en route. Keep at it, girls (and boy), you must be doing something right! The Clash stormed on, and until then it had been more waiting than live music, and most of THAT wasn't what you'd call memorable. Anyway here they were, just like in the pictures, Mick hair shorter than his L.A. visit, scarf and swagger and very very rock n roll (check early vintage

pics for comparisons and private conclusions) Joe having no choice but to look like Joe and as real and likeable as I wanted him to be, Topper way back in sweat suit and sea of drums and Paul on the right minus his spike, serious and low key. They exploded into a series of songs off the "Rope" album, giving every tune that extra raw frankness that the record lacks and not losing any of the melodic sophistication in the process. Like erasing the Sandy Pearlman gloss and being blasted by a breath of fresh air. And here I was, liking them quite a lot in other ways than I had expected, getting adjusted to the fact that they were a hell of a unique rock/punk band with potential for being THE essential street band of the next decade, and with flaws, weaknesses and an occasional lack of scope in their own self-limitations that made you wonder how they ever got that far on such shaky ground. That night Strummer's vocals came close to critical depths, once he offhandedly acknowledged the fact that it wasn't up to standards and gratingly yowled the opening lines to the next tune (could have been Police and Thieves, the worst possible live version of this seemingly undemanding tune, a butcher job that effectively proved that nothing is as easy as it sounds on record, especially them slower tunes that show the gaps in the seams and the studio bluffs behind the cracks.) Yet "Stay Free," a tune that I can happily skip over on vinyl, was honest and straightforward. Mick Jones gave Joe a breather on vocals and although he has none (and does not try for) of the manic I-mean-it-man edge of Strummer he handled that particular song with class and style. Later thru the set they brought in the old classics of the first album, and it was reassuring to see that the newer cuts had been accepted as enthusiastically by the fans as the standards, and in most cases performed with much more challenge and audacity. There is always trouble brewing when a band, no matter how good and clever they can be, have to rely on the older stuff to get the place jumping. Thank god the Clash audience is still right there with them, with fans and band nicely progressing along to being the best band and the best audience of rock history. And if you think we've moved away from strictly punk matters by getting into this rock history business, you're quite right. The Clash have a lot going for them, some of it in the right direction as defined by this paper's particular stand and some of it toward various shiny shortcuts to mass acceptance and commercial relevance, with the negligible price of image shifting and aesthetic streamlining (Sandy Pearlman in complete control of next album would be a way to get there fast) to pay for the material bonuses that would fall like rain on our ex-culture guerrillas. Do you know how much one of the big commercial enterprises would pay for a really good, modern, challenging and exciting but ultimately SAFE new band? Why do you think they're spending millions on the Cars and their like? The way they see

it, they're bound to score one of these days with the new Beatles/Rolling Stones, the catalyst of the 80's, the big prize in the sweepstakes to the future. If only the Clash would agree on being just a bit ... easier to hug and dream about. Will they, won't they???

Part two, later in the same month, at the Lyceum.

This was a genuine tour gig (the "sort it out" tour that preceded the American "Pearl Harbor 79" tour that swiftly got renamed who chickened out and who agreed to soften the image??the "Give 'em Enough Rope" tour - creative labeling that one, must originate from record company think tank) with two dates at the worn-out Lyceum (a third one was added due to public demand) featuring the Innocents, the Slits and the old boys. The Innocents continued to be real troupers and played their hearts out to mild gubbing and can throwing, the Slits played the Slits again with many real fans giving them the roots support they must treasure since nothing else has come from the sky above as it did for almost every other odd assortment of misfits with stolen instruments. Yet I kept thinking ugly stuff like them being the Clash's gutter credibility token, the Wild Man Fischers to the Frank Zappas, the naive fools in the court of the king. Maybe they're just good friends and I am a paranoid twisted hair-splitter. That's what happens when a section of our flesh like the Clash gets accepted and coveted by the other side: everyone left behind in our day to day insecurities and rages hopes for the best and keeps expecting

THE CLASH, BO DIDDLEY, THE DILS Feb. 9, Santa Monica Civic

The Dils said they'd be on at 8:30 but at the last minute Avalon Productions had other ideas and 8:00 was the real starting point. So I missed them. People I talked to reported they played well, though a little tensely. As I was soon to find out, they weren't the only ones supercharged from the pressurized atmosphere. Some body ... record company people? Clash people? individual crooks? sold silk screen T shirts and buttons in the lobby at the customary ripoff prices. For lack of business, they quickly folded their tents and disappeared into the stampeding horde.

The less said about Bo Diddley the better. Lay it at the feet of his pudgy, hippie back-up musicians and you'll have pretty much hit the nail on the head. The show, by this time, was moving along at a break-neck pace; it was only 9:30, Bo was off and the Clash were only moments away. Meanwhile, the British DJ played "New Wave" hits that were better than the standard hardrock/MOR fare usually found at concerts this size but still proved little more than background static. It's a sad comment that the only American record played (that I heard) was the abysmal single by the unfunny, out crowd swingers, the Rutlers. No other local bands received any airplay period. It's heavy praise that the Clash, taking the stage, immediately vanquished the uncomfortably slimy shiver that was slowly working its way up my spine. I've only had this feeling of expectation fulfilled a few times: Bowie (the first Ziggy tour), the Stooges at the Whisky, the Sex Pistols, X ... They were all a little nervous, Joe especially, sublimating the tension into a quaking, shaking fury, every song in fast, epileptic motion. I could swear that "White Man in Hammersmith Palais" came in under two minutes. And through the mud wall of sound Joe made the

the worst. Upward mobility can be a hitch on relationships. I know: back to music. Okay. The Clash. The stage. The audience. Mix the three, shake well, pour. It was pretty much the same set as the benefit, but this time I felt the power, I saw the myth in action. You guessed it, they were HOT. Strummer effortlessly carried the tunes to the very end, the rest felt more secure and willing to relax (which in the Clash handbook has never meant mellowing out) and every moment felt true and right. The few weak lapses were immediately erased by the next explosion, the Clash and their music were everything they should be, which is a lot. Honorable mention to Topper Headon, the invisible heartbeat, the long distance runner behind the 50 yard dash experts. Second honorable mention to the audience, so beautifully necessary to the show (try to find thousands of paying customers that know the lyrics to every song YOUR band has ever done, and sing them and dance them and will not drop until you do!), so energized by the music the meaning behind the music and each other that even skeptics and mutters gawk and envy (an impossible task to achieve during a wham bam american tour in front of brand new customers with curiosity as their main motive for being there). The Clash are not the REAL Clash without their audience, and so what we all saw in America was like a sketch that hasn't been filled in, and without imagination the fuss about these four guys might have seemed a bit exaggerated. It wasn't, we're just in the wrong place, as usual. ☺

translation. You couldn't comprehend a fucking, deafening word, but he made himself understood. Veins popped and the blood was ready to burst from his eye sockets. He trembled, swayed, and rambled on with an undeniable authority, moving into a kind of Old Testament place, the realm of the possessed. A simple description can't do him justice. He brought down the wrath of the gods on everyone's heads, while Mick and Paul jumped splaying their legs, rending their instruments in two with what Lee Perry has described as playing "with an iron fist." Nicky was the coal stoking fire. Then they were gone and back again, Kickboy joining them onstage for an encore of "London's Burning." Joe seemed simultaneously delighted/terrified at seeing him. Two bars and the honeymoon was over. Football bouncers descended on Kickboy like a swarm of hungry locusts and, once backstage, proceeded to beat the living shit out of him under the eye of a merciless Caroline Coon. And suddenly you could understand the apprehension in Joe's eyes ... here was evidence of something monstrous and sick afoot in the house of Dread, something that Joe had very little control over. More of this evidence came to light in the following backstage press conference. One got the feeling of gunpoint coercion on the Clash to force them to face these guardians of the "people's voice." And once you heard and saw the, mostly, idiotic representatives of the press, you understood the Clash's hesitancy to indulge what could turn out to be just more of the same lame, image-making and out-of-context publicity. A barely repressed hostility hung in the air, detectable somewhere in between the odor of Heineken and eau de cologne. When the Clash at last filed in, they looked tired and on edge. When they spoke, they were sullen, yet totally unafraid in letting their true feelings be known, no matter what the "professional cost."

Chris D.

IN NEED OF A TUNE UP?

The on-line source for the best
**ALT-COUNTRY
ROOTS - ROCK
GARAGE
& POP**

Weekly Web Page Updates
MoMZine - the Miles of
Music On-Line Maga-
zine
Sound Files
Weekly E-mail
Staff Recommendations,
Upcoming Section and
Monthly Top Sellers.

Not On-Line? Call, Snail Mail, or
Fax for a

**FREE CATALOG
MILES OF MUSIC**

7306 Coldwater Cyn, Suite #9
North Hollywood, CA 91605

ph: (818) 765-8836

fax: (818) 759-0336

E-mail: info@milesOfmusic.com

We specialize in indie and self
releases!

www.milesOfmusic.com



CROOKED FINGERS RED DEVIL DAWN



The combination of
refining the Crooked
Fingers sound
through rigorous
touring and writing,
and Eric Bachmann's
growing
confidence with his
string and horn
arrangements make
for a stunning
listen.



THE CLEAN ANTHOLOGY

double-cd



the final word on
seminal New Zealand
legends THE CLEAN.
46 tracks spanning from
1981's TALLY HO! single
to 1996's UNKNOWN
COUNTRY and
everything in between.
essential.



SPOON

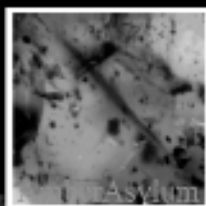
Kill The Moonlight

NEUROT RECORDINGS



BEE AND FLOWER
"What's Mine Is Yours"

Bee & Flower's satirical rock
evolves in a spiral of counterculture
held to the bones and resolutely
cynical, yet incredibly touching.



AMBER ASYLUM
"Freak In Amber"

Debut album by neo-classical ensemble
Amber Asylum. Previously available
only on import, now returned with
three exclusive bonus tracks.



CULPER RING
"355"

featuring:
Steve Von Till (Neurosis)
Kris Fries (Amber Asylum)
Mason Jones (Subarachnoid Space)

OUT NOW

STEVE VON TILL "If I Should Fall To The Field"

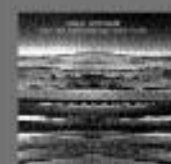
complete catalog online:

www.neurotrecords.com

or send check or money order made out to Neurot Recordings

Neurot Recordings • PO Box 410000 • SF, CA 94141 USA

www.neurotrecords.com



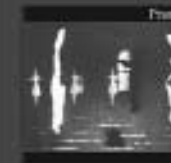
RADAR BROTHERS ...And The Surrounding Mountains

An amazing collection of sed and sun-baked epics,
majestic, serene and warm, the perfect antidote
to all that ails you.



DESTROYER This Night

an amazing epic song cycle from ex-New
Pornographer Dan Bejar, "This Night"
delivers an anthemic and symphonic
collection of beautifully arranged pop songs.



PRAM Dark Island

Birmingham, UK's PRAM brings us Dark Island,
a somnambulist's dance through the netherworlds
of escapist imagination; check your realities
at the door.



M. WARD Transfiguration of Vincent

Portland's M. Ward makes his Merge debut here
blending elements of traditional folk, blues,
and rock idioms into his own unique and
thoroughly engaging style.

also now or upcoming on merge: PORTASTATIC "The Summer Of The Shark" CD!
THE CLIENTELE new 7" single! BUZZCOCKS CD! SURVIVE
AND ADVANCE vol. II MEG! compilation w/ Annie Hayden, Lambchop,
Matt Sings, etc. THE ESSEX GREEN "The Long Goodbye" CD!
EAST RIVER PIPE "Shining Hours In A Can" reissue!

www.mergerecords.com







Ann Summa



Ann Summa

nowhere?

I've got no idea! If you wanted to be harsh you could describe the area where I live as nothing but an agribusiness abattoir—all you see is people wearing masks, riding tractors and spraying god knows what onto the ground. I'm a townie, and I don't know what I'm doing out here, although it is nice being able to see all the stars in the heavens at night.

As a rule, people tend to resist change; why is this so?

Because they're afraid of the new and the unknown, and familiarity is comforting. For instance, when you live out in the middle of nowhere as I do, you really appreciate small things, and one of the things I'd come to appreciate was this small bar not far from where I live. The guy who ran it was cool, he kept the lights low, and there would always be interesting jazz playing when you popped in there. In the middle of nowhere, that's like a gold mine. I popped in the other day and the music was gone, it was brightly lit, and a smiling woman chirped, 'can I help you?' The bar had been sold, so the place I knew no longer exists. Arthur Rimbaud said 'some destructions are necessary,' and that's a lesson I'm really trying to learn.

An overriding theme in all of your music is personal and political conflict. Why can't people get along?

I think fear is the corrupting agent, and I don't know how we can eliminate that. Of course, there's no way to eliminate the most terrifying reality—that we all have to die—but at least the sun shines, and we've got a bit of time, so it's not all sniveling. Maybe if every child in the world was shown a really good time, a new breed of human beings would appear. On the other hand, I believe some people are just born bad—I've met a few of them, too. Whether they were born bad, what happened to them was bad, or it was a combination of the two, by the time they're teenagers you can see they're gonna flip. No matter who loves them or what happens to them, they're gonna smash up the room.

Do you believe in karma, or do some people get away with smashing up the room?

Surely karma must be one of the few things we can believe in. Even if it were proved to me that it wasn't in play here on earth, I'd still hope that



"Somebody [powerful] must've seen the Clash as some kind of threat because we were constantly being arrested. They'd pull over our cars, search us, shake down our motel rooms—it was all very petty."



in another dimension, in the spirit world, it does exist. I do think it operates in this world.

What forces played a role in shaping your sense of morality?

My mother was Scottish, and a nonsense kind of woman, and maybe I got some vibes from her.

What's been the most difficult year of your life?

I took a long breather after the Clash broke up, and I had a really hard time about half way through that. I needed a rest, so I was kind of grateful for the break, but at a certain point I became overwhelmed by a sense of self-doubt. In the music business, an 11-year lay-off is like a hundred and eleven years, and felt like I'd blown it and would never get up there again. The only thing that got me through was sheer bloody-mindedness—I just won't quit! Every time I think 'you've had your lot, now just shut up,' a larger part of me says, 'no, there are things you can say better than anyone, and you must say them.' The other thing that carried me through that period was the fact that I had a lot of responsibilities—I'd managed to have children, and both my parents died during those years, as well.

How were you affected by the death of your parents?

I wasn't close to them, because when I was eight years old I was sent to a boarding school, where I spent nine years. I saw my father once a year between the ages of nine and twelve, then twice a year from then on. As to whether I felt cheated by his absence, I didn't bother with that, because I was in a hard place. You know Tom Browne's 'Schooldays'? Imagine being in a second-rate boarding school in South London in 1961. You had to punch or be punched, so I became hard and ceased being a mama's boy pretty quickly.

You've been referred to in the press on several occasions as 'the son of a diplomat who dropped out of art school to be a bohemian.' Is that an accurate description?

No. In my first-ever interview in the Melody Maker, when I was suddenly regarded as 'somebody,' I said that my father was a diplomat simply because I wanted to give him his due for one time in his life. My father was an excellent eccentric who liked nothing better than dressing up for a

CLASH Press Conference

The following are rough quotes from the CLASH press conference held in a conventional room following the concert. Due to overzealous security, SLASH was allowed only 7 representatives and, at last minute substitution we didn't have tape recorder or camera. These remarks were scribbled in ballpoint pen on the back of the CBS Epic CLASH Fast Street which gave such useful information as the population of England and the correct spellings of the band members' names.

The following remarks are not verbatim

I AM NOT PRESENTING MYSELF AS A?
(Jones) You mean depressed conference?
+HOW DO YOU LIKE AMERICA?
I really... we don't like belly-dance...but there seems to be a healthy scene everywhere we've been. We're coming back in June.
+WHO WILL PRODUCE YOUR NEXT ALBUM?
We are.
+DID PATTI SMITH GIVE YOU MONEY TO GET STABLE?
(Strummer) I said to get the shoes repaired.
+ARE YOU PLANNING TO FILL THE GAP LEFT BY THE SEX PISTOLS?
What gap?
+HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT BEING STARS?
We can still walk the streets in London. We avoid the hip-hop star life. We'd never play in big stadiums... garage band...we still stand by all that stuff...we periodically feel just as suicidal.
+DO YOU WANT SUCCESS?
We want to be the best band in the world.
+HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT YOUR RECORD COMPANY?
I wish they'd fucking leave us alone. They don't know what we're about. I wish they'd stop running out side for us with the Statue of Liberty all bundled up in bits of rope.
+WHAT'S YOUR NEXT SINGLE GOING TO BE?
A cover of "I Fought the Law" by the Bobby Fuller Four.
+WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE CRITICISM THAT PEOPLE CAN'T HEAR THE WORDS IN YOUR RECORDS?
(Strummer) Well, you know 'The medium is the message'. We like to tell (Strummer) the message.
+WHAT KIND OF POLITICS ARE YOU INTO?
Personal politics.
+WHAT'S YOUR NEXT GIG FOR ROCK AGAINST RACISM?
Next... The shows are not together, bad sound, bad organization.
+ARE AMERICAN FANS VICTIMS OF THE SAME DEPRESSION AS ENGLISH FANS?
There are lots of angry people here in America.
+WHAT ENGLISH BANDS DO YOU LIKE?
The Slits, Subway Sect.
+WHAT DO YOU THINK OF PEOPLE WHO REFUSE TO ACCEPT THE NEW MUSIC?
(Jones) They're prematurely senile. Maybe they think Kiss, Foreigner and all that are what they want. After all, they've already got a Mick Jones... and when we're blown out, you'll have somebody else.

all, they've already got a Mick Jones... and when we're blown out, you'll have somebody else.
+WHAT ABOUT THE NEW MUSIC?
It's a big thing in England. In Jamaica, it's turning into disco.
+WHY DID YOU HAVE BO DIDDLEY ON THE BILL? SHOULD YOU GIVE A CHANCE TO THE LOCAL BANDS IN AREAS YOU PLAY IN?
We like the Diddley's music... but sure, we think local bands deserve a chance, that's why we had the Dils. Others deserve it too, like the GI RMS. (Much go please here as I don't know had just been allowed into the press conference after totally disrupting it by being late on the windows outside)
+CAN'T YOU BETTER CONTROL SECURITY, SOUND, ETC?
In England we've got our own security, our own sound man. We brought along our own lighting man and our own DJ. We like to put together a good show. (Referring to the incident of a SLASH editor getting beaten up by security)
Strummer: We never said it was going to be a utopia. Rock and roll is played on enemy ground. You can go on about getting the shit kicked out of you, you can talk about the black who got murdered by security guards in England, but we've stopped much more (violence) than you can imagine. (Referring to the incident at the Aztec Club in North Hollywood when the Dils played and the LAPD riot squad jumped on stage to try to stop the show because they thought the pogoers were fighting)
Jones: That was one of the stories I took home. I said, you ain't seen nothing until you've seen the guys on stage with the machine guns.
+DO YOU THINK WE'RE LOSING THE BATTLE?
(Strummer) Sometimes I do. But sometimes you've got to wake up in the morning and think, we're gonna WIN the bloody battle.
all, they've already got a Mick Jones... and when we're blown out, you'll have somebody else.
+WHAT ABOUT THE NEW MUSIC?
It's a big thing in England. In Jamaica, it's turning into disco.
+WHY DID YOU HAVE BO DIDDLEY ON THE BILL? SHOULD YOU GIVE A CHANCE TO THE LOCAL BANDS IN AREAS YOU PLAY IN?
We like the Diddley's music... but sure, we think local bands deserve a chance, that's why we had the Dils. Others deserve it too, like the GI RMS. (Much go please here as I don't know had just been allowed into the press conference after totally disrupting it by being late on the windows outside)
+CAN'T YOU BETTER CONTROL SECURITY, SOUND, ETC?
In England we've got our own security, our own sound man. We brought along our own lighting man and our own DJ. We like to put together a good show. (Referring to the incident of a SLASH editor getting beaten up by security)
Strummer: We never said it was going to be a utopia. Rock and roll is played on enemy ground. You can go on about getting the shit kicked out of you, you can talk about the black who got murdered by security guards in England, but we've stopped much more (violence) than you can imagine. (Referring to the incident at the Aztec Club in North Hollywood when the Dils played and the LAPD riot squad jumped on stage to try to stop the show because they thought the pogoers were fighting)
Jones: That was one of the stories I took home. I said, you ain't seen nothing until you've seen the guys on stage with the machine guns.
+DO YOU THINK WE'RE LOSING THE BATTLE?
(Strummer) Sometimes I do. But sometimes you've got to wake up in the morning and think, we're gonna WIN the bloody battle.

HOT NEW SPIRITS

"Tangiers are what the Stones would sound like at their most, the late '70s hanging out at clubs instead of Studio 54."

TANGIERS

debut release out March 18th

also watch for these upcoming releases

Toshack Highway Vs. Sianspheric
"Magnetic Morning - Aspirin Age"

A split album with all new songs from Swervedriver's Adam Franklin and Canadian space/drone rockers Sianspheric.

Simply Saucer
"Cyborgs Revivified"

Digitally remastered edition of their classic 70's psyche/punk recordings includes nine previously unavailable bonus tracks.

Distributed by **NWIL** in the USA.
Order: 800.388.2007 Fax: 503.557.5051 www.nwildistribution.com

SONIC UNYON www.sonicunion.com

PO BOX 57347 JACKSON STATION HAMILTON ON CANADA L8P 4X2
PH: 905.777.1223 FAX: 905.777.3161 EMAIL: JENAS@SONICUNYON.COM

KILL YOUR IDOLS
out NOW
pobox48888LosAngeles90048
info: bryanray69@aol.com

R.I.P. Joe Strummer

1. PostNoBills by Shepard Fairey
2. Fucked Up + Photocopied
Instant Art Of The Punk Rock Movement

out SOON everywhere!
3. PUNK is DEAD! PUNK is EVERYTHING!
4. flatness is god! Redux by Ryan McGinness

goldN @ 9pm

tues. 2.18.03
4500 Los Feliz Blvd
@the Derby

with: echocell = inner - oversoul 7



Coming in Spring 2003 from Beggars Group

LAIKA Lost In Space : Volume One (1993-2002)
Double CD collection of Laika favorites, rare and deleted tracks, remixes, and a brand new unreleased song.

NEW WET KOJAK This Is Glamorous
Featuring members from the classic group, Girls Against Boys, New Wet Kojak offers a creative zenith, weaving themes of glamour with darkly melodic guitar lines and the classic NWK innovations on sound.

MOUSE ON MARS Rost Pocks : The EP Collection
Rost Pocks is the long-awaited collection of rare and largely out of print Mouse On Mars EP's.

LUPINE HOWL The Bar At The End Of The World
Formed from the ashes of Spiritualized, Lupine Howl has created their finest creation to date, a beautiful string laden country tinged psych record.

www.beggars.com/us
www.looppunk.com

Strummer

party, and he was great fun, but he was basically a low-level worker in the hierarchy of the British embassy, and we actually had fuck all. A four-room bungalow in Croyton was all he managed to accrue during his life, and Croyton is not much of a salubrious suburb.

When you were 20 years old, your older brother, David, committed suicide. How did that mark you?

I was deeply affected by it, and I don't know if I've come to terms with it yet, because it's a mysterious thing to try and understand. We were only separated by 18 months, but we were opposites: whereas I was the loud-mouth ringleader who was always getting everybody into trouble, he was quiet and never said much. When we were teenagers in the '60s, there was a load of shouting about Rhodesia, and that led to his becoming a member of the National Front in 1968. At the time, I was too busy listening to Jimi Hendrix to really understand what he was going on with him, but I don't think his politics had anything to do with his suicide. I think it had more to do with his shyness.

What's the most valuable thing you could teach your children?

I don't think I've taught them anything, and don't feel like I've been a very good father. My first marriage split up after fourteen years when my two daughters were still relatively young, and you feel guilty about that forever. They get born, and suddenly the thing they were born into is pulled apart. It eats away at my mind, particularly since my parents stayed together.

You married again in 1995; what's the secret of a successful marriage?

You have to love your partner more than you love yourself—and I do.

What's the most widely-held misconception about you?

That I'm some kind of political thinker. I definitely am not. I think about politics all the time, but it's become increasingly difficult to know what's going on in the world. I grew up hearing my parents go on about World War II, which was an episode of history that seemed very clear: Hitler=bad, everyone else=good. People are basically lazy and we want to see a good guy and a bad guy. Obviously, nothing is black or white, yet we yearn for that beautiful clarity, but I'm finding it more and more difficult to come to those kinds of conclusions—possibly because we're getting more information and we have to sift through it. I used to believe it was possible to learn what was going on in the world by reading the newspaper, but that began to change around the time that the Balkans thing kicked off. Either the newspapers aren't up to snuff or I'm losing my mind, but I found it very difficult to get a grasp on what was going on there.

Do you believe music has a responsibility to address social and political issues?

I do, but I would add that the climate of the times dictates the way people write.

How are you evolving as a songwriter?

Oh god, backwards man! I'm trying to be less idiotic. Every writer likes to feel that when he sits down to write he's gonna zoom off into a new field he didn't even know existed, but the truth is that writing is basically a process of blundering in the dark, and there's a lot of luck that comes into play.

Are there specific issues that are



Ann Summa



When the Two Sevens Clashed

Joe Strummer and The Clash helped start the punky reggae party—and did more than anyone to keep it going.

Jamaican reggae deejay/producer MIKEY DREAD was there.

by Carter Van Pelt

When Bob Marley sang his 1977 reggae-stepper "Punky Reggae Party," he called out "The Damned, The Jam, The Clash..." Marley may have overlooked the Pistols' reggae-loving Johnny Rotten, but few in the London punk movement were drawn to the party with the passion of The Clash's Joe Strummer, Paul Simonon and Mick Jones, and nobody did more to represent reggae to the punk rock scene.

Members of the Clash had grown up in close proximity to the Jamaican community that relocated to England in the post-WWII period. Paul Simonon's "Guns of Brixton" is a direct reflection of this experience, as is Strummer's "White Man in Hammersmith Palais." The latter documents Strummer's night in a Jamaican dancehall in West London, as he explained in 1991: "All over the world people are oppressed and in London there were the dreads and there were the punks, and we had an alliance. England is a very repressive country... Immigrants were treated badly... So these people had a sense of pride and dignity, and when we went into their concerts, where we should have had the grace to have left them alone... And they didn't jump us, they didn't stomp us, they didn't beat the seven shades of you-know-what out of us... They understood that maybe we needed a drop of this roots culture. And 'White Man in Hammersmith Palais' is a song that was going through my mind while I was standing in the middle of the Hammersmith Palais...in a sea of thousands of rastas and dreads and natty rebels. That song was trying to say something realistic."

Evidence of the group's interest in reggae could be seen before it was heard. The cover of the first single, "1977," strongly resembles the cover of Joe Gibbs and The Professionals' State of Emergency album — men lined up with their backs to the camera, hands on a wall, on the verge of arrest. On the "1977" cover, this was augmented by the Jamaican political slogans on Strummer's clothes—"Heavy Manners" and "Heavy Duty Discipline." These ideas were likely gleaned from Prince Far I's *Under Heavy Manners* album, an oft-cited Clash favorite. Later visual references to the group's cultural interests include the cover of *Black Market Clash*, which features a picture of a lone Rasta in defiance of riot police at the 1976 Notting Hill Carnival. Strummer's and Jones' experiences at Notting Hill in 1976 were the inspiration for the song "White Riot."

The Clash's first attempt to work with reggae musicians was a short alliance in 1977 with the Rasputin of reggae, Lee Perry. The result, "Complete Control," was less than inspired, but the group kept at it, achieving intercultural consanguinity in 1980 when they brought Jamaican deejay/producer Mikey Dread to the controls. Their collab-

oration on "Bank Robber" and "Robber Dub" (off *Black Market Clash*) was followed by the "Train In Vain" b-side "Rockers Galore-UK Tour" and the tracks "Junco Partner," "Living In Fame," "One More Time," "One More Dub," "If Music Could Talk," and "Shepherd's Delight" on the massive *Sandinista* album. Mikey's voice can be heard on "Living In Fame," "One More Time" and "If Music Could Talk."

While Mikey is still in contention today with The Clash's management over alleged unpaid publishing and lack of recognition for the album sales garnered by *Sandinista*, his respect for Strummer's and Simonon's "reggae mission" remains.

"I see Joe Strummer as a leader in the rock world who never got the recognition that he deserved for his upfrontness, addressing issues that other people were reluctant to address — 'White Riot' and all dem tings deh," he told ARTHUR, on the phone from his home in Florida. "When I met them, I was surprised that these people were

"Joe Strummer is the one who was like, 'Go get them Mikey, don't let them tell you what to do!'"

supporting reggae, buying reggae every week, and up-to-date with what's going on...

"One thing I can say about the Clash, they were no racists. There were a lot of times I been to places where skinheads and punks wanted to kick my butt, as a black man, and [the Clash] would warn me, 'Tomorrow don't go out alone, have one of us follow you.' They start to wear their Doctor Martin shoes, and they buy me a pair as well so they know we're on the war path. Anybody come, we just mess them up."

Mikey Dread's live performances with The Clash involved taking the stage alone to sing over recordings of his own "Dread At The Controls" rhythm productions and later joining The Clash for encores. This Jamaican dancehall style performance was understood and received enthusiastically in Europe, but Mikey ran into problems at his first US appearance.

"I wasn't supposed to be on tour with them, but they asked me to come along. They wanted to introduce me to their crowd, but I got a bad reception in L.A. I'll never forget Los Angeles. We played all over the world and when we came to Los Angeles, all the punks tried to boo me off stage. The punks got really mad, and I'm looking at like 20,000 people and wondering what the hell is gonna

go on. I told the guys, 'I'm not playing tonight, cause they don't want to see a black man out there.' We had one black bouncer and me. That is it for blacks. And it was pure white man out there, some bad punks! They wanted to eat me alive! Joe Strummer is the one who was like 'Go get them Mikey, don't let them tell you what to do!' And me just go out there and get serious and say, 'You know I'm coming to the United States I was thinking I was going to be meeting a lot of intelligent people, people who are open-minded, people who are cosmopolitan, people who are not prejudiced and racist, people who want the world to live in unity.' I give them a speech and chastise them for their rude behavior. And trust me mon, the crowd went quiet like you could hear a pin drop. Then I said, 'I know you're here to see the Clash, but I'm going to introduce you to some reggae music, from the roots! Are you ready,?' And they say, 'yea!!' And we just start lick some tune and that was it. We broke the ice."

Not only did The Clash cover reggae tracks like Willi Williams' "Armageddon Time," Jr. Murvin's "Police and Thieves," and The Maytals' "Pressure Drop," they name-dropped and referenced their reggae heroes in their lyrics — Prince Far I in "Clash City Rockers," Dr. Alimantado in "Rudy Can't Fail," The Abyssinians' "Sattamassaga" in "Jimmy Jazz," and Dillinger, Leroy Smart, Ken Boothe, and Delroy Wilson in "White Man In Hammersmith Palais." Strummer even documented his and Jones' chaotic jaunt to Kingston in "Safe European Home." (Curiously, Simonon—arguably the band's biggest reggae head—was left behind in England, a major slight that he talks about with obvious residual bitterness in Don Letts' Clash doc, *Westway to the World*.)

Strummer's love of Jamaican music continued in his solo career. The lyrics on "Techno D-Day" from the Mescaleros' *Rock Art & The X-Ray Style* describe "using the headphones for a mike, for Tenor Saw's delight, I sang another new sound is dying," a reference to Tenor Saw's "Ring The Alarm." Strummer also recorded a cover of Jimmy Cliff's "The Harder They Come" with deejay Tippa Irie and The Long Beach Dub Allstars on the *Free The Memphis 3* benefit album, and co-wrote the disquieting title track for Horace Andy's *Living in the Flood* album, released on Massive Attack's Melankolic label.

Over the last 20 years, the Clash's embrace of Jamaican music has continued to inspire like-minded efforts by musicians like Bad Brains, Massive Attack, 311, Rancid, Sublime, Long Beach Dub Allstars and No Doubt. The punky reggae party that started so improbably way back in '77 has never really stopped. **2**

Thanks to Jim Dooley and Stanley Whyte for the fact assists.



THE AISLERS SET

"HOW I LEARNED TO WRITE BACKWARDS" CD

Minus The Bear
"Highly Refined Pirates" CD

Hella
"Bitches Ain't Shit But Good People" 12"

STILL AVAILABLE:
The Aislars Set
"Mission Bells " 12"
Minus The Bear
"This Is What I Know About Being Gigantic" CD, EP
Coming Late Spring 2003,
The Magic Magicians CD

Suicide Squeeze
RECORDS
SUICIDE SQUEEZE
P.O. BOX 80511
SEATTLE WA 98108

Mute
MUTE.COM
ECHOBOY.COM

ECHOBOY
GIRAFFE

Echoboy

GIRAFFE
New album available February 25th

insound

Receive a free, limited edition FOM CD compilation with the purchase of any Mute title at fine record stores everywhere. Look for future compilations each season.

To sign up for the Mute North American newsletter, send an email with "subscribe" as the subject to: mute@mute.com.

BECOME A FRIEND OF MUTE

dial n' smile

BLIIII

When you advertise with ARTHUR, you reach 80,000 handpicked people.

For rates, schedules and reservations please contact our Ad Hotline:
email: ads@arthurmag.com
ring-a-ling (917) 446-3087

We can design your ad too. See examples:
Ann Summa, Reddingk, and the ARTHUR house ads.

NADA SURF
LET GO

nada surf *let go*

Nada Surf's first full-length in over four years is unquestionably their best: a fascinating departure from their two previous albums that blows away expectations.

"...any surprise at the existence of this third LP is nothing compared to the fact of the record's brilliance. Matthew Caws has matured into an acme-level surgeon of life, lyrically smart without clever-clever." -MOJO

DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE YOU CAN PLAY THESE SONGS WITH CHORDS

death cab for cutie
you can play these songs with chords

Beautifully packaged CD reissue of DCFC's out-of-print cassette-only first release, plus 10 tracks of unreleased early recordings, covers, outtakes and songs from their two domestic 7" vinyl singles.

"...this eighteen-song disc proves that Seattle indie-rock band Death Cab for Cutie was onto something before it even got started." - Rolling Stone

WATCH FOR THESE FINE BANDS ON TOUR THIS WINTER AND SPRING:
death cab for cutie, the long winters, nada surf, the prom, jesse sykes & the sweet hereafter, john vanderslice

MORE NEW RELEASES COMING THIS YEAR FROM:
the long winters, john vanderslice, death cab for cutie, and more...

barsuk records
online ordering • web specials • tour info www.barsuk.com



JOHNNY RYAN IS THE CARTOONIST RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SERIES "ANGRY YOUTH COMICS" PUBLISHED BY FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS (FANTAGRAPHICS.COM). HIS WORK HAS GRACED PUBLICATIONS AS DIVERSE AS NICKELODEON AND HUSTLER. HE LIVES IN LOS ANGELES. HIS WEBSITE IS WWW.JOHNRYAN.COM




CALLA

TEENISE

"songs of quiet desperation" / THE NEW YORK TIMES
"brilliant sounds for hallucinatory visions" / ALTERNATIVE PRESS
"when the garage rock party is over, calla will be waiting for you" / NME

arco

www.arenarockrecordingco.com



THROWING MUSES

first new recordings in 7 years -- and the first to feature backing vocals by ex-Muse Tanya Donnelly in over 10 years. A return to their ground-breaking roots. In stores 3/4.

4AD

www.beggars.com/us
www.4ad.com



the rogers sisters "purely evil" lp/od
wolf eyes "dead hills" pic lp/od
numbers "En-Uh!" 12"/od
www.troublemanunlimited.com
the walkmen/cella split lp/od
death comet crew "DCC America" 12"/od misssw!t
erase errata REMIX lp/od (adult, kids/ps, Kevin blechdown, matmos)
glens candy and the shattered theatre "love, love, love" lp/od



Kristin Hersh the grotto

Her first solo-acoustic recording since "Strange Angels."

Featuring
Howe Gelb (Giant Sand, OP8)
and Andrew Bird (Bowl of Fire, Squirrel Nut Zippers).

In stores 3/4

Kristin Hersh the grotto

4AD

www.beggars.com/us
www.4ad.com

Strummer

Nobody sends me five pounds every time somebody's heard of the group. We never had any real power, either, other than in an abstract, poetic way. What I wrote on a piece of paper might influence someone somewhere down the line, and that's something I still take great care with. Not writing things that are stupid, or easily misconstrued is something I keep onboard at all times. But it would've been nice to have the power to say, '50,000 people down to the Houses of Parliament now!' We might've been able to get 1,500 people at the height of our power, but ultimately, it's the big money men who have the power. Then again, I suppose somebody must've seen us as some kind of threat back in the day, because we were constantly being arrested for petty shit. We'd go to play small towns in the North of England and you could almost hear them thinking, 'here they come, those punk rockers from London—we're not having any of that!' So they'd pull over our cars, search us, shake down our motel rooms—it was all very petty.

Does the legacy of the Clash continue to get in your way?

Not anymore, because enough time has passed, but certainly, for ten years after the group broke up, I found it difficult to deal with. But I managed to chill long enough that it's allowable for me to come back and knock in a few good albums. It's not pissing anybody off.

You've traveled quite a bit as a touring musician; what's the scariest place you've ever been?

Mozambique. There was a war going on there, and I was only there for a day, but the entire time I was there I was nervous about who might be lurking in the bushes along the roadside. It was also a little unnerving playing Ireland with the Clash, but you have to laugh. You fly in there, you check into the Europa Hotel in Belfast, and the clerk cheerfully informs you that this is the most bombed hotel in Europe. 28 bombings so far!

Then you go up to your room where you ask yourself: should I crawl under the bed? Do I dare stand at the window? We were quite pragmatic and decided to just get on with things, because we couldn't see how either side could gain anything politically by blowing up a rock'n'roll show. It wasn't as if the whole world was saying, 'oh wow, the Clash are in Belfast.' The only people who cared that we were there were the other scrawny punk rockers walking around Belfast.

In *A Riot of Our Own*, the 1999 book about the Clash written by Johnny Green and Garry Barker, everyone in the band comes off well, with the exception of Mick Jones, who's depicted as being ridiculously



obsessed with his wardrobe. Is the book accurate?

Yes it is, but you need some of that in a rock'n'roll band! If Paul Simonon hadn't been in the Clash I doubt that we would've been as successful as we were, because you need to look stylish. People don't think of Bob Dylan as a glamorous guy, but he was actually

of yourself all the time. It's appalling to regularly see the destruction of age marked out sharply on your face in photos, videos, and on television. This is a visual thing we do. Johnny Cash dyes his hair, and I think it's only right that we try and scruff up a shambling face.

At what point did you become an adult?

“There's no way to eliminate the most terrifying reality—that we all have to die—but at least the sun shines, and we've got a bit of time, so it's not all sniveling.”

pretty good looking. When you think of his Cuban heel phase, with the curly head, the Carnaby Street clothes, the polka-dot tab collars, the tight jeans, the boots—he was pretty styling.

Rumor has it that Bob's had a face-lift.

That's probably a good idea. You have to remember, this is show biz, and it's not as if Bob's a merchant banker or a film critic or something. If he wants to go out on the road for another 20 or 30 years, he's gonna want to tuck it up a bit. It's not as if we're novelists who can hide in our studies like J.D. Salinger and never have our photos taken. It's easy for those people to say what the heck. You don't know what it's like having photos taken

Are you kidding?! I'm nowhere near becoming an adult.

What do you think you represent to the people who admire you?

Maybe they see a good soul.

Tell me about someone who inspires you.

Bo Diddley is inspiring. When he was a young musician starting out he needed some marachas, so he went to the local scrap yard, got some of those floating balls that sit in the tank of a toilet, filled them with black-eyed peas, then used them to invent a whole new kind of music. That's heroic and inspiring.

What's the biggest obstacle you've overcome in your life?

I wouldn't say I've overcome it yet, but it's my sheer laziness. I'd rather sit and watch 'Popeye' cartoons than do anything. Nowadays I'm into 'The Simpsons,' 'Southpark,' and 'Sponge-Bob Square-Pants.'

The second album by your current band, the Mescaleros, is dedicated to the late Joey Ramone. What was the nature of his genius?

A sharp intelligence. People think of spirit when they think of the Ramones, but the more I listen to those records the more I'm struck by how smart they are.

Where do you think Joey is now?

He's in heaven.

Do you believe in heaven?

Maybe not for me, but certainly for Joey Ramone.

What's the most one can hope for in life?

The sense of having accomplished something—and I don't have that feeling yet. Being in the line of work I'm in, you hold yourself up against the real greats like Dylan, Ray Davies, Jagger & Richards, Paul Simon, Lennon & McCartney, and John Fogerty. I'm not in that pantheon yet, but I'm gonna get there. ☺

Kristine McKenna is a Los Angeles-based writer and curator. She is presently organizing "Semina Culture: Wallace Berman & His Circle," an exhibition that will begin a national tour of four museums beginning in September, 2004. A second volume of her collected interviews will be published later this year by Fantagraphics, and her biography of Wallace Berman will be out in 2005.

A Radical Puts Down Roots

It was Joe's inspiration and energy backstage at Glastonbury 1996 was the spark that got Future Forests going. Joe said "Bands must be contributing to global warming by their buses, equipment trucks and the diesel used to power the stages. Can you imagine how much carbon dioxide the pressing and the distribution of a CD creates? What shall we do about it?" Dan Morrell's response: Plant trees to re-absorb the CO2. Joe then decided that he would have his own forest planted to offset the emissions from his CDs and became the world's first carbon-neutral artist. He then put Future Forests in touch with many other people in the industry. With Joe's credibility, blessings and contacts, Future Forests has attracted support from Pink Floyd, Pulp, Beth Orton, Foo Fighters and Massive Attack.



Joe's Forest is hidden away on the shores of Loch Bracadale, North West Skye. This beautiful site is being recreated into a forest of native broadleaves. Interspersed within the greenery are areas of archaeological interest, mainly ancient crafting

infrastructures, which the forest will help to protect from the elements. Overshadowed by the majestic Macleod's Table, Orbst Forest will provide a home to hundreds of species of wildlife, including otters, red deer, foxes, and a haven to the increasingly threatened nesting sea-eagle. A popular local walk travels the scenic route from Orbst to the nearby sea stacks known as McCloud's Maidens. As a community woodland, planting at Orbst has generated a huge amount of local enthusiasm and will be carried out by the Orbst Trust, comprised of residents of the local area. Species planted here will be predominantly birch, oak, rowan, alder and willow, with some woody shrubs in-between.

To plant a tree in Joe's memory log onto www.futureforests.com

SAM HENDERSON EXISTS IN MANY FORMS...



www.indyworld.com/whistle



GREAT NEW MUSIC COMPLETELY DEVOID OF SNAPPY HAIRCUTS



ANCIENT GREEKS

THE SONG IS YOU CD/ATD ED 2xLP

THESE GENTLEMEN ARE MAKING SOME (DAMNED) SMART POP, SR. DAMNED SMART. ONE PART SOARING, JUMPY SUPERCHUNK VOCAL WIZARDRY, TWO PARTS GLORIOUS BLEEPING MECHANICS AND NINE MILLION PARIS INTERCHANGING LOUNGE BOOP, AND YOU'VE GOT A RECIPE FOR 2003'S SUNDAY MORNING DISCO SOUNDTRACK." - NEW CITY CHICAGO



THE RACE

THE PERFECT GIFT CD/1P

"THIS IS MUSIC TO BE LISTEN TO, THE SOUND OF WHISPER-SOFT-ANY-ONE BY ANY MEANS POSSIBLE BOREDOM COM DENSED INTO A SINGLE CD. THIS IS THE SOUNDTRACK TO SLEEPING UNTIL 2 P.M. BECAUSE YOU CAN'T THINK OF A GOOD REASON NOT TO." - CMJ



JOAN OF ARSE

DISTANT HEARTS. A LITTLE CLOSER CD

"THIS IS JUST PLAIN GREAT. I AM LITERALLY GUSHING OVER THIS ALBUM. JOAN OF ARSE PLAYS A REALLY ECLECTIC MIX OF TWANCY POP ROCK, ACQUISITION BATTLES, AND SWITCHES TO SOME DENSE AS HELL ROCK. AND YOU KNOW WHAT? IT WORKS. IT ACTUALLY WORKS. GET THIS RECORD, NOW!" - GEEK AMERICA



THE DUDLEY CORPORATION

THE LONELY WORLD OF THE DUDLEY CORPORATION... CD

"A LITERATE, LYRICAL KICK ASS ROCK BAND WHO ARE ALSO MASTERS OF DYNAMICS AND TENSION AND RELEASE, THE DUDLEY CORPORATION HAVE PUT OUT ONE OF THE MORE COMPELLING DEBUTS I'VE HEARD THIS YEAR." - SPLENDID EZONE

FLAMESHOVEL

WWW.FLAMESHOVEL.COM

1658 N MILWAUKEE #276

CHICAGO, IL 60647 USA

CDs \$10 | LPs \$10 | 2xLPs \$12

ALL PRICES POSTPAID



TORNIS

Tornis Records Making and Discovering the Latvian Underground Since 1991

Ēnu Kabinets
Bellacord
CDR
(Force, Power, Elegance.
Superb lyrics.
Truly original.)

Mācītājs On Acid
Friki Diki:
The Enrique Tapes 1992-2001
CD
(Latvian American
Punk Rock with Heart)

Also available: Depo and Baložu Pilni Pagalmi
For mailorder, mp3s, news, views and analysis
please visit: www.tornis.lv

TORNIS Rec.

Tobin Sprout / Lost Planets & Phantom Voices

Tobin's new blissed-out recording; full of surrealist compositions bathed in analog warmth.

The Impossible Shapes
Bless The Headless cd/lp

recordhead/whiggs 1521 w 96th st indpls 46260 www.lunamusic.net www.whiggs.com

FRANKIE SPARO

WELCOME CRUMMY MYSTICS

CST023LP/CD CONSTELLATION PO BOX 42002 MONTREAL CANADA H2W 2T3 CSTRECORDS.COM



CST021LP/CD **EXHAUST** ENREGISTREUR
 CST022LP/CD **HANGEDUP** KICKER IN TOW
 CST024LP/CD **GODSPEED YOU! BLACK EMPEROR** YANQUI U.X.O.

© 2003

THEREFORE

EXTENDS AN INVITATION
 TO THE PRIVATE SECTOR
 FOR WORKS AVAILABLE
 BY COMMISSION

LIMITED EDITION VINYL LP
 PLUS MASTER PLATE
 \$3000.⁰⁰/_{XX}

INSTALLATION
 (SITE SPECIFIC CHOSEN BY PATRON)
 \$2000.⁰⁰/_{XX}

PLEASE NOTE: ALL PRICES FOR
 CONTINENTAL U.S. ACTIVITY.
 TERMS NEGOTIABLE FOR
 OVERSEAS ARRANGEMENTS

L.G.F.C.A. -
 THEREFORE'S NEWEST
 FULL-LENGTH CD
 AVAILABLE FALL 2003

FOR MORE INFORMATION PLEASE CONTACT:
 INLETRECORDINGS@YAHOO.COM
 WWW.THEEXPERIMENT.ORG/THEREFORE

The Larval Organs
 schwag

Wooden Ghost

*No minute gone comes ever back again,
 take heed and see ye nothing do in vain*

the first person to
 see an elephant
 tout est factice

Gorilla Monsoon
 s/t

TuolumneRecords

PO Box 320-340
 Brooklyn, NY 11232

www.tuolumnerecords.com



COMING SOON: **NO NECK BLUES BAND**

INTONOMANCY CD
STICKS AND STONES REISSUE CD

WWW.YOD.COM/NONECK.HTML

Avant-Garde, a Force for Good

At the peak of his popularity, JOHN COLTRANE went for something deeper.

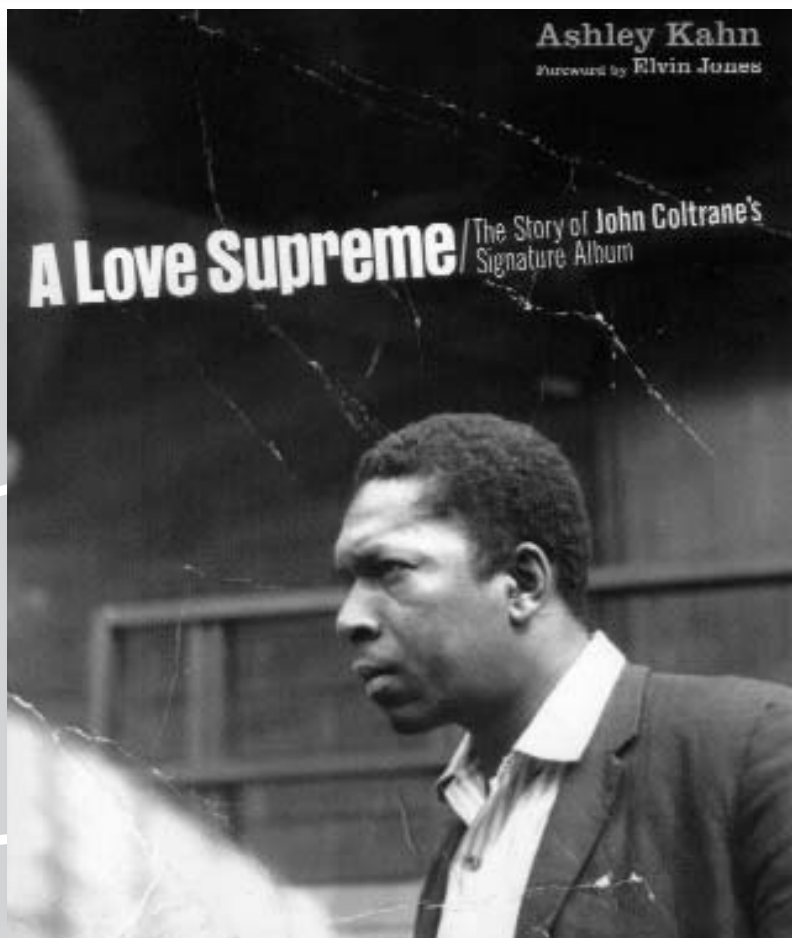
Author Ashley Kahn's *A Love Supreme: The Story of John Coltrane's Signature Album* is an in-depth, book-length chronicle of the making of *Love Supreme*. But what happened in the period between the recording of that album in late 1963 and Coltrane's death in July, 1967? Where, in short, did Coltrane go next? In the exclusive chapter excerpted here in full, Kahn recounts Coltrane's extraordinary next phase, in which he continued his exploration of spiritual themes while embracing both the younger players and the "style" of radical jazz's much-maligned New Thing. This was no solipsistic, withdraw-from-the-world journey: there was a real connection between John's artistic decisions, his progression "toward higher spiritual realization, higher spiritual development" (as his wife--and genius musician in her own right--Alice put it), and his direct involvement in the day-to-day affairs of black America...

Perhaps it was a four-year itch.

Not that Coltrane planned his career turns with any exactitude, but the timeline of his most creative period does imply a certain regularity: one year bursting with diverse activity and unsettled exploration—1957, 1961—followed by three of relatively focused progress. By that schedule, 1965 promised another creative eruption.

On cue—while the sound of *A Love Supreme* threaded its way into the cultural tapestry—Coltrane again accelerated his experimental drive in contexts large and small, in the process testing the bonds that held his core group together. Before the year was out, the reign of the Classic Quartet would come to a close, and Coltrane would front a new band and a new sound.

The signs of his future direction were already present in the *Love Supreme* sessions. Coltrane's measured key-hopping on "Acknowledgement" presaged a harmonic approach in his playing bordering on—and soon embracing—a passionate atonality. His penchant for chanting would resurface on recordings like "Om"; his love of poetry on the album cover of *Kulu Se Mama*. His explicitly hymnlike titles became an unbroken theme among the many tracks recorded in 1965—"Dear Lord," "Welcome," "The Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost"—and their meditative sonority a looser reflection



of that on *A Love Supreme*.

A Love Supreme also left its trace in the extended, suite-like compositions Coltrane brought into the studio throughout 1965. He even chose the title "Suite" for a five-part work with sectional names again suggesting spiritual focus—"Prayer and Meditation: Day," "Peace and After," "Affirmation." The album *Meditations* (and the later release *First Meditations*, among the final sessions with the Classic Quartet) furthered Coltrane's trend to multisectioned constructions presented in continuous performance. *Meditations* also elicited questions as to whether he was consciously following in his own footsteps. Coltrane's response leaned more to the spiritual than the musical, as he saw his current efforts as points along the same continuum:

Once you become aware of this force for unity in life, you can't ever forget it. It becomes part of everything you do. In that respect, [*Meditations*] is an extension of *A Love Supreme*, since my conception of that force keeps changing

shape. My goal of meditating on this through music, however, remains the same. And that is to uplift people, as much as I can. To inspire them to realize more and more of their capacities for living meaningful lives.

As Alice noted, "From *A Love Supreme* onward, we were seeing a progression toward higher spiritual realization, higher spiritual development."

Notwithstanding the unreleased quartet-plus-two experiment of December 10, 1964, Coltrane seemed taken by a need to augment his forces. In February, he revisited the two-bass idea at a session again matching Garrison with Art Davis, which yielded two deeply hypnotic takes of "Nature Boy." The tenor-on-tenor concept inspired Coltrane to consider recruiting another tenorist into his group. By that spring, the bandleader was frequenting various Manhattan clubs, and began following a young tenor player from Little Rock, Arkansas, whose unfettered style was clearly in the Coltrane mold. "This

was before I was working in clubs nightly," Farrell "Pharoah" Sanders recollects:

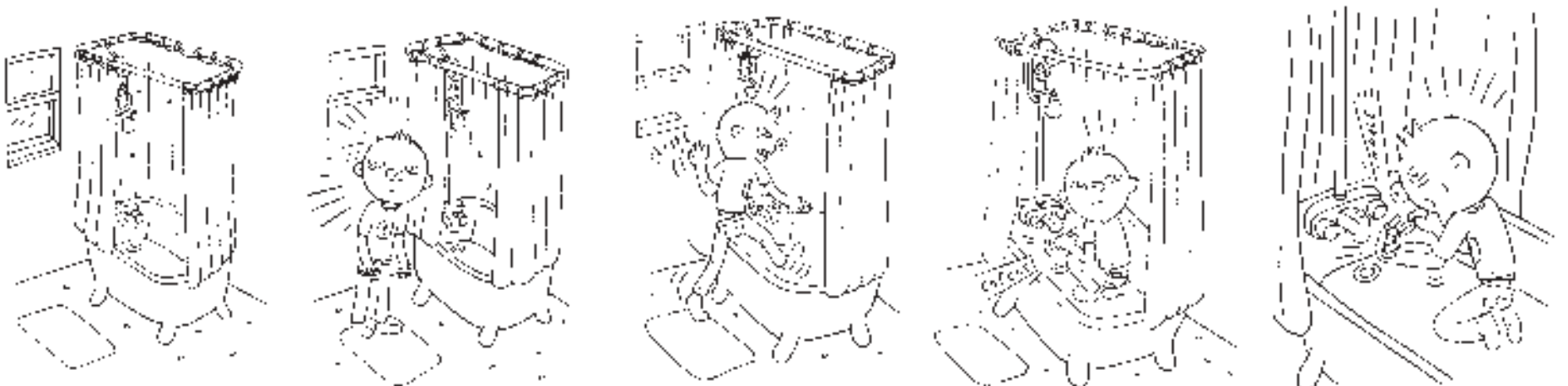
I was playing at this place called Slugs on a Saturday, and I think it was seven-ish. It was only for about an hour and a half before the regular bands came out. I didn't even know he was in the room—I looked up and he was at the bar. I was into a more modal kind of thing and he heard me play some of those tunes I wrote—"Upper and Lower Egypt"—that was before I recorded it. He came up, and we talked very briefly. He said that he enjoyed the music.

Sanders, like Dolphy, would soon become the second horn in Coltrane's band, his presence having an underlining effect on the tight solidarity of the quartet. But the most striking example of Coltrane's expansive drive took place in early June, in his first big-band effort since *Africa/Brass*, and arguably his most daring effort since "Chasin' the Trane."

Take a roomful of players of varying experience and abilities and, sans rehearsal, allow them to improvise simultaneously over a loose series of themes and modal frames. Turn on the tape machine, and let it roll for forty-odd minutes. Coltrane called on no fewer than seven horn players (trumpeters Freddie Hubbard and Dewey Johnson, alto saxists Marion Brown and John Tchicai, and tenors Shepp, Sanders, and himself), plus Art Davis again, to supplement his quartet. Short of finding a few swing-era stalwarts friendly to the avant-garde cause, Coltrane could not have picked a more disparate group, from those with conservatory training (Davis, Tchicai), to those with a strong bebop background (Tyner, Garrison, Hubbard), to "New Thing" newcomers (Shepp, Sanders, Johnson).

The fact that the session threw together players of unequal experience and different temperaments both excited and daunted Coltrane. "He was just very quiet and concentrated...very much occupied in his mind with what he wanted to do," Tchicai remembers. Coltrane seemed to demand from the

Excerpted from **A LOVE SUPREME: THE STORY OF JOHN COLTRANE'S SIGNATURE ALBUM** by Ashley Kahn.
© Ashley Kahn, 2002.
Reprinted by arrangement with Viking, a member of Penguin Putnam, Inc.



Coltrane

group the same unspoken dialogue his quartet had achieved, giving “small directions, he didn’t say a lot—‘OK, we have this little theme here, and then at a certain point you come together in the piece and play this theme, and then you take a solo, and then after you it’s...Freddie Hubbard.’” Coltrane himself recalled being happier with the results than with the session itself:

I was so doggone busy; I was worried to death. I couldn’t really enjoy the date. If it hadn’t been a date, then I would have really enjoyed it. You know, I was trying to get the time and everything, and I was busy...to hear the record I enjoyed it; I enjoyed all the individual contributions.

It had been an adventurous effort, and would have been even more so had Coltrane realized his wish to have two drummers on the recording. He had originally asked a Philadelphian he met, Rashied Ali, who had managed, through youthful persistence, to sit in for Jones on a few nights at the Half Note. With incredulity, Ali recalls turning down Coltrane’s invitation:

I had an ego bigger than this building at that point...I was young, I was ridiculous, and I said “Yeah, I would like to play. Who else is gonna play?”...“Well, I don’t think I wanna play with two drummers.” He said, “Oh, you don’t?”...so I blew the date on *Ascension*!

Nonetheless, Coltrane continued to pursue the idea of multiple percussionists, along with his other additions. Upon returning from his European tour, he peppered live and studio dates with unlikely combinations of instruments. He invited Archie Shepp to a Down Beat Jazz Festival appearance in Chicago. A subsequent West Coast tour found him working with Pharoah Sanders, flutist Joe Brazil, two bassists, and someone playing a thumb piano in Seattle. Upon reaching Los Angeles, he doubled every instrument save piano—including bass clarinetist/bassist Donald Garrett and percussionist Juno Lewis—and recorded the African-flavored, chant-heavy “Kulu Se Mama.”

Upon his return to New York, Coltrane was determined to honor the past and yet face the future—to maintain the quartet, but augment to it at will, as he described the following year:

I figured I could do two things: I could have a band that played like the way we used to play, and a band that was going in the direction that the one I have now is going in—I could combine these two, with these two concepts going. And it could have been done.

Alas, given personality clashes (Jones and Ali never saw eye-to-eye)

and divergent musical paths (Tyner especially was not in accord with Coltrane’s more atonal experiments), it was not to be. One night in November, Coltrane walked onto the stage at the Village Gate carrying his soprano, tenor, a bass clarinet, percussion instruments, and even a bagpipe—accompanied by Sanders, Ali, alto saxist Carlos Ward, and the quartet. It was one of the last times he would play with Tyner and Jones. As 1965 drew to a close, the strain on the senior members was proving too much, and in short order, Tyner left, to be replaced by Coltrane’s wife, Alice; Jones soon followed, leaving Ali alone in the drum position. Only Garrison remained from the groundbreaking quartet. Years later, the Tyner and Jones explained their respective departures matter-of-factly:

Q: What prompted you to leave...?

Tyner: I felt if I was going to go any further musically, I would have to leave the group, and when John hired a second drummer, it became a physical necessity. I couldn’t hear myself.

Q: Do you think you [and Ali] were

hung it proudly in their New York corporate offices. “Gold before it went gold,” laughs Archie Shepp. “It’s a good marketing technique.” He explains:

Jimmy Garrison told me a really strange story of how on the ninth floor of ABC was the jazz office and they had the glass cage there with gold records, and he used to see A Love Supreme beside the all the others. He couldn’t believe it, and finally went to Bob Thiele and Bob acknowledged that it was in fact a gold record.

Not since the heady success of “My Favorite Things” in 1961 had Coltrane enjoyed such a wide and warm embrace as he did at the close of 1965; yet not since the harsh critical reaction of 1962 had he faced as dramatic a reversal of support as he did following the changes he effected in his lineup. But unlike the “anti-jazz” storm, this one was neither headline-grabbing nor loud. Tyner and Jones left with little fanfare (their departures eclipsed by Coltrane’s far-ranging explorations of later 1965); and a flock of fans and fellow musi-

With a wave of his hand, Coltrane had legitimized the angry, discordant sounds of the New Thing, forcing serious attention to be paid to a subgenre that might otherwise have been dismissed.

compatible as drummers?

Jones: I think that I was. I don’t think he was...I didn’t think my leaving would have any debilitating effect on the group.

✂ ✂ ✂

The winter of 1965-66 delivered the full windfall of *A Love Supreme*. Of the public citations crowning Coltrane’s artistic and commercial achievements over the years, none matched the awards and attention this album engendered in the few weeks that came exactly a year after its recording and release. A popular poll conducted by Down Beat, the country’s leading jazz publication at the time, resulted in Coltrane’s being inducted into the magazine’s Hall of Fame (a first for a living musician) and receiving awards for Tenor Saxophonist of the Year and Album of the Year. The music industry took notice as well, nominating *A Love Supreme* for two Grammys. And though ABC-Paramount never officially secured the gold-record distinction for the album, Impulse’s parent company had a gold replica of Coltrane’s best-selling disc made, and

cians began to slip away.

“That was really cataclysmic to me,” submits Dave Liebman. “Seeing Coltrane starting to use two drummers, then Elvin not there anymore, and one tune for an hour and a half with three or four guys playing at the same time. I’m used to ‘Impressions’ and that certain vibe that Elvin and McCoy had, and here he was breaking that.” Coltrane’s music became more challenging than ever:

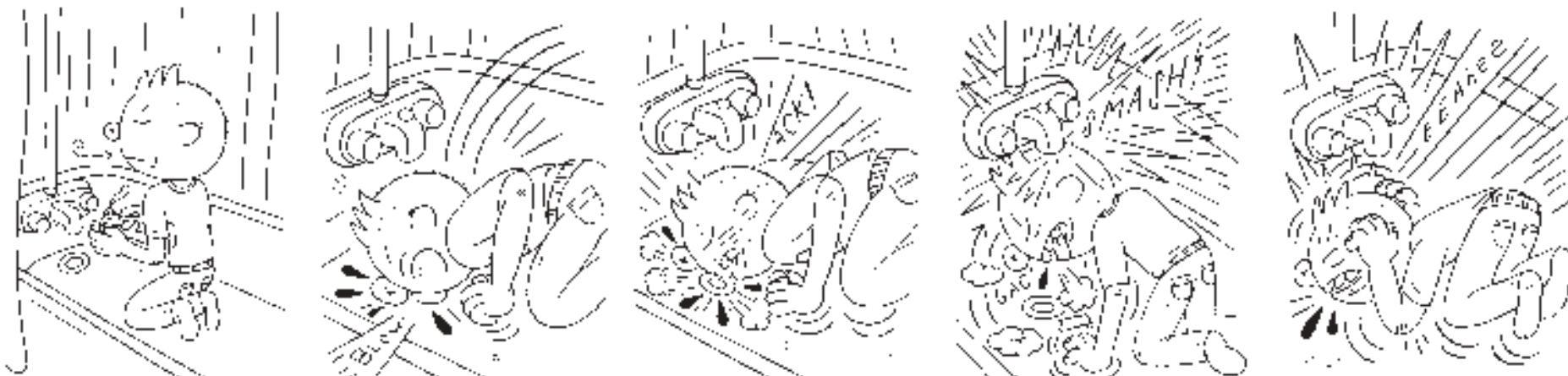
It was disturbing, but fascinating—like a bunch of maniacs just screaming at the top of their lungs. This doubled the ante because the energy level and intensity of the free stuff live was beyond description. It was hard to believe it was Coltrane.

Liebman recalls one gig in particular. In February, at the Philharmonic Hall (now Avery Fisher Hall) in New York’s prestigious Lincoln Center, a night devoted to the tenor saxophone was scheduled. Coltrane joined a lineup featuring Coleman Hawkins, Zoot Sims, Sonny Rollins, and others playing with their own bands. His slot would be the final one of the evening:

I recall the last part of the first half was Sonny Rollins—he was in one of his not-really-into-it moods, walking around the stage playing in the corner. He only played about fifteen minutes and then he got on the microphone to say “I’ll be back later with John Coltrane.” Everybody went crazy, you know. Then there was a break and after, Coltrane walks on the stage holding Alice’s hand—[with] about ten cats who look like they’re off the street, holding shopping bags with bells, shakers, and tambourines. It was [drummer] J. C. Moses and Rashied [Ali], and [trumpeter] Don Ayler and Albert Ayler, [and Sanders, Garrison, and Carlos Ward]. And people are very excited. Coltrane gets on the microphone and he starts chanting “Om Mani Padme Om,” which [was]—by that time I knew a little bit about that stuff—a heavy Tibetan chant of the dead. Alice starts rolling into a tremolo, and the group starts shaking the tambourines and everything, and people start to look at each other weird. Then he goes into “My Favorite Things.” He plays the melody over this rolling rubato and people applaud. But of course, after the melody there was nothing that was recognizable, and it went on for an hour and a quarter, or so it seemed [25 minutes, in fact]. I’m not exaggerating—at least half the audience got up and left. He had his head down and he was playing near the ground and in those days he was, he got very low and was kneeling, off mic. It was just a barrage of sound. I was there with a very good friend—we used to go together to see Coltrane a lot. We were just speechless. I couldn’t talk for a couple of days.

Meanwhile, *Ascension* had been released in the final weeks of ‘65 and was gathering a momentum of its own. The collective tour de force culled a largely positive critical reaction (“massive and startling,” the normally buttoned-down New York Times declared), and as Liebman recalls, “was the torch that lit the free-jazz thing. I mean, it really begins with Cecil [Taylor] and Ornette [Coleman] in ‘59, but *Ascension* was like the patron saint saying, ‘It’s OK—this is valid.’ I think that even had much more of an effect on everybody than *A Love Supreme*.” Yet it also had an effect as divisive and alienating as the Philharmonic Hall concert, according to Frank Foster:

The main complaint came after the album *Ascension*. That was the turning point for some musicians who had been Coltrane enthusiasts up to that time; after that they turned off. I thought it was a little extreme, but he was always my man. I agreed with some who said, “Coltrane’s experimenting. He’s



done just about everything that can be done with a tenor saxophone, so now he's trying to reach out for something else." It wasn't even about the tenor sax anymore, it was about exploration. It was more about finding oneself spiritually than trying to turn the tenor saxophone into something.

In 1966, Coltrane's saxophone "sound was changing dramatically," writes Lewis Porter, pointing to "a richer tone, with fuller vibrato...he also extended his altissimo range...didn't hesitate to produce squeals...[and] increased his control of multiphonics." Dissonance and atonality—freely hopping from one key to another—were the new hallmarks listeners came to expect from his horn.

The startling shift went beyond Coltrane's own sound and pervaded his band. Gone was the drama of Tyner's rich, hammered chords; Alice's facile sweeps along the keyboard provided a more diffuse rhythmic accompaniment. Sanders favored Coltrane at his most forceful and vocal-like: his unabated energy was both trying and exhilarating. Jones had always suggested a steady swing, even at his most polyrhythmic. Ali, whom Coltrane praised as "one of the great drummers...laying down multidirectional rhythms [that] allow the soloist maximum freedom," had substituted an intuitive, improvised drive for any sense of regular pattern.

To David S. Ware, who frequently traveled into Manhattan to catch Coltrane in 1966, the loss of that pulse, be it explicit or implied, was the reason for many of the empty seats he saw. "You can get almost as avant-garde as you want to be, as long as you keep that steady pulse, but Coltrane lost a lot of people when he broke that time, and went into that other world and started messing with that multidirectional time."

It certainly was not about jazz—not in the commonly accepted definition of the term in 1966. Coltrane still spoke of his group's music in terms of specific melodic and harmonic structure, but began to refer to more general sonic qualities ("the right colors, the right textures...the sound of chords") and more abstract characteristics ("human foundations of music"... "integrity"... "essences").

Various writers, committed to keeping abreast of Coltrane, strove to find a vocabulary to describe his new, adventurous leap. Some opted for a confessional route. "This music...opens up a part of myself that normally is tightly closed, and seldom recognized feelings, emotions, thoughts well up from the opened door and sear my consciousness," wrote Don DeMicheal in a *Down Beat* review. Others, like A. B. Spellman and Nat Hentoff, offered disclaimer and instruction. "A caveat for the casual listener. Be advised that this record cannot be loved or understood

in one sitting...it's like Wagner—it begins on a plane at which most performances end and builds to a higher plane than the average listener considers comfortable," wrote the former on *Ascension*. "Listening to Coltrane work through his own challenge may well stimulate self-confrontation in the rest of us," Hentoff noted on *Kulu Se Mama*, adding that "each listener, of course, will himself be challenged in a different way."

As Coltrane's 1965 recordings were released (in a fashion mixing quartet and augmented sessions), what most fans and musicians noticed was that his sound and stance became those of the avant-garde. No longer the reluctant leader aware of, but not involved with, the new improvisers showing off his influence, he began to actively champion the younger players he came to know. He took advantage of his stature at Impulse, playing an A&R role, urging Thiele to consider signing many of the newer artists. "It was certainly through Coltrane that I became aware of Archie Shepp and many of the younger players," recalled Thiele. "I think that if we signed everyone that John recommended we'd have

agreed Cannonball Adderley. "They are playing what they believe in and what they hear, what they feel."

Another sign of arrival, as Shepp recalls, was that even among the brotherhood of the New Thing, a standard of ability had developed: "The term 'free' was often a euphemism for, in my estimation, people who were total novices in some cases. There were certainly levels of this music, and a player like Coltrane was the consummate horn player within that African-American improvising tradition."

In addition, Coltrane's duty as standard-bearer helped affix his own brand of spirituality and well-being on the larger group. Not that the disposition did not preexist with many avant-gardists; "I think you'll find that the spirituality of the music during the '60s wasn't something exotic. It was coming directly out of the church, especially the Holiness church," commented Marion Brown. But Coltrane did stand out as more than a musical role model, as Don Cherry recollects:

It changed the whole scene because of him being a vegetarian and meditating and everything.

"At a time when people were talking black, it seemed like Trane was saying more with the music than the cats were saying with the words."

four hundred musicians on the label." Most noticeably, whereas Coltrane had in the past sporadically used younger players, his albums and live gigs now started to rely on them. With his new quintet—Sanders, Garrison, Ali, Alice—he performed through 1966, intermittently adding African percussionists and a second bassist to the mix.

With a wave of his hand, Coltrane had legitimized the angry, discordant sounds of the New Thing, forcing serious attention to be paid to a subgenre that might otherwise have been dismissed. Critics scrupulously explained their terms ("free," "avant-garde," "New Thing") and cited precedents (Coleman, Dolphy, Ra), and, certifying their acceptance, began to distinguish various players—Ayer, Shepp, Sanders, Brown—as deserving particular consideration and praise. "Let me make the necessary observation that it is impossible to talk of the new jazz as if it were a homogenous movement," argued Hentoff. "On the contrary, there has never before been a time of new jazz directions during which so many different routes are being taken by so many implacable individualists." "I must say that you can't put them all in the same bag,"

And everyone became aware of health and balance and life...he was one of the main persons to really set an example. He didn't speak about [it], he just set an example.

By December 1966, such was the collective weight of the new jazz rebels that the mainstream magazine *Newsweek* devoted a six-page study to the phenomenon, an article which served as a serious defense of the new guard, interviewing Taylor, Ayler, Ra, Shepp, Coleman, Coltrane, Marion Brown, and writer Nat Hentoff, who emphasized the social consciousness intrinsic to this "jazz revolution." "It believes in soul and law and freedom. There's almost a touching belief in music as a cleansing, purifying, liberating force, as if jazzmen were the unacknowledged legislators of the world. They all want to change the social system through their music." As if to still any fears caused by the word "revolution" (examples of strong black nationalism were in the headlines by the close of 1966; the rise of the Black Panthers was only a few months away), Hentoff added that "the jazz revolution is not a programmatic black-power movement."

And yet the political connection was

there, to at least one young African-American. "You couldn't help but pick up on it, being a black kid in America and being in the generation I was in," Frank Lowe points out. "It was already written that I would be interested in cats like Malcolm X, and right after that came the Panthers." Lowe recalls an indelible impression left on him while he was a university student in California that tied together the music, movement, and mood of the time.

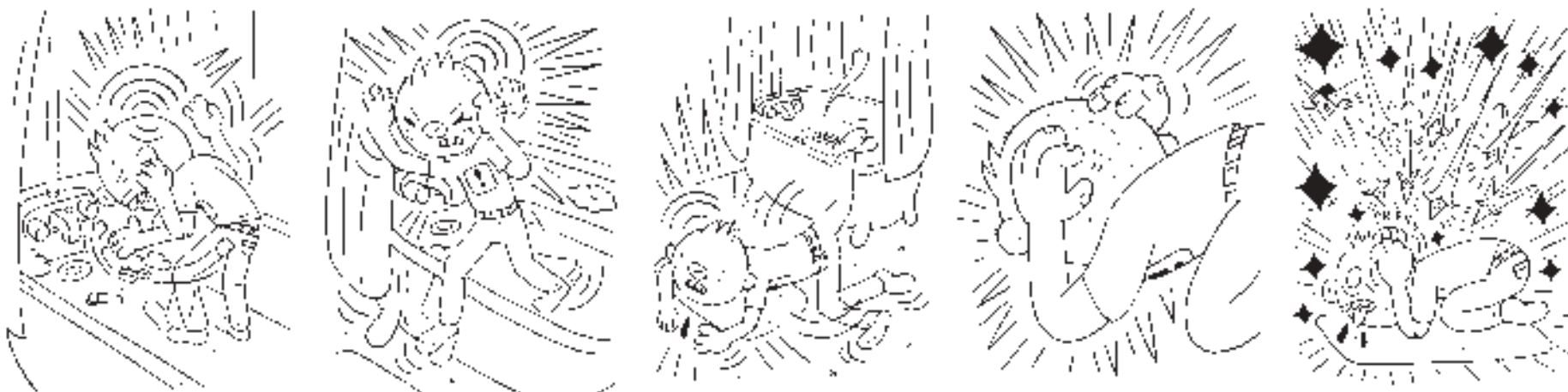
It was a documentary on this cat named Fred Hampton, who was a big leader of the Chicago Black Panthers, who organized breakfast for the kids [The Murder of Fred Hampton, 1969]. He was ambushed one night in his bed—the police shot through the walls, assassinated him right through the walls. As the camera was panning the room that was shot up, under the bed there were some records. Right on top, man, covered with blood, was Dolphy's Out to Lunch! That showed me right then that what these cats were saying and what we were listening to were all of the same mind—it was in the body, in the walk, in the air.

The jazz avant-garde certainly did not speak for black America in general. One had to look no further, Hentoff pointed out in his own article on the New Thing, than the dearth of black clubs booking the new jazz generation. "Their predecessors, at the start of their [bebop] revolution, at least were able to work in urban Negro neighborhoods...but the current avant-garde, also predominately Negro, has stirred minimal interest in the Negro night clubs. Thus the present revolutionaries have even fewer places in which to play than did Monk and Parker."

On at least one occasion, Coltrane himself fell into the gap. Lewis Porter writes of a Newark, New Jersey, club engagement in late 1966—also witnessed by saxophonists Byard Lancaster and Leo Johnson—where "the audience and manager became hostile and insisted that he play some of his old standards...the gig was actually cancelled after the first night."

Coltrane, in Hentoff's terms, was both a patriarch and a revolutionary. Notwithstanding the negative reaction in some live situations, his cross-generational appeal to the black community transcended considerations of style—and even the music itself. Like Miles Davis, as Ben Sidran has noted, Coltrane had become an iconic figure:

Davis and Coltrane became giants in the black culture specifically because they represented the elder statesmen, black men who had gone through the mill and survived, not empty-handed, but with peculiarly black solutions to peculiarly white problems. Their triumph and their acceptance by the black culture at a time when some of



Coltrane

the jazz “avant-garde” were undergoing openly hostile treatment, lay in the fact that they had “paid their dues” in the old school and emerged with their individuality intact.

In what would be the last year of his life, Coltrane stood as an enduring force in a series of ever-widening circles: from the tight, avant-garde brotherhood to the larger jazz scene to black America in general. In the black community, it’s a safe bet that few forty- to fifty-year-olds picked up Ascension, just

[alto saxophonist] Jimmy Spaulding. They were all there.”

Curtis Fuller, a Manhattan resident, recalls the same collective drawing him to Brooklyn. One of his favorite haunts was the home of Cal Massey. “I was at the house all the time with Charlotte, his wife, and the kids. I’d be over there on the porch, sitting around, right across the street from that church.”

St. Gregory the Great, a Catholic church, convent, and school centered

Toliver remembers that the tenor of the time—a more militant black awareness, increased activism—was felt even in the confines of the church:

There was a lot of turmoil in the church. I remember [in early ‘66] there was a sit-in at the rectory, a group of young people who wanted to take over the church, that kind of resistance to traditional kind of organization and structure.

confirms that the old convent on the church property had recently been torn down, leaving a hole in the ground. He and a fellow priest proceeded to help Massey plan the event, but as Toliver recalls, the church was reluctant at best. Plans nonetheless moved forward for a daylong event on April 24. The auditorium—already in use for a theatrical presentation—was booked. The schoolchildren created musical notes from construction paper to hang on the wall. Flyers and word of mouth filtered out as the day of the event approached. Toliver:

It was not really publicized. In fact, I think I only knew the week before that Coltrane would be performing there. Massey was really in charge of that: getting Coltrane and the other people.

Zane Massey:
“They played for so long that there were puddles of sweat. Where they were standing—John, Jimmy, Elvin—there was literally water there on the floor.”

as younger fans may have bypassed Coltrane’s earliest Prestige recordings. But the one album that could be found among them all would have been A Love Supreme.

“It was like, boom! Knocking the doors down—like a revelation,” maintains Frank Lowe. “It was the sixties and A Love Supreme seemed to express a lot of blackness. At a time when people were talking black, it seemed like Trane was saying more with the music than the cats were saying with the words.” Lowe adds:

Sure, it was black music, but it was almost beyond that. It took on a universality that could embrace these other things and still keep its blackness. In other words, it’s not like us against the world. It’s like all these things are included and we all are the world.

In the spring of 1966, if one crossed the Brooklyn Bridge from Manhattan and followed Flatbush Avenue for about ten minutes (fifteen if traffic was heavy), one would have located the center of Crown Heights, a Brooklyn neighborhood rife with New York City jazz players, a stone’s throw from Prospect Park, a mere half-hour’s drive to most of New York’s jazz clubs and even less by subway.

“I lived on Sterling Place, Calvin Massey lived right around the corner on Brooklyn Avenue,” says baritone saxophonist Cecil Payne, then one of the senior members of the community and a veteran of Dizzy Gillespie’s big band in the forties. “[Pianist] Cedar Walton lived on the same block. Bobby Timmons, Freddie Hubbard—they were on the next corner, and

on the corner of St. John Place and Brooklyn Avenue, functioned as the religious and social heart of the community. Neighboring residents sent their children there, and some, like local television executive Earl Toliver, also volunteered their time and services.

“In 1965-66, I was president of the PTA and an officer in the parish council,” recalls Toliver, who had lived in the neighborhood since 1951. “When I moved there, St. John Place and all the blocks around there were maybe ten percent black, ninety percent white. That was true of the whole neighborhood.” The sixties, however, brought a radical racial shift:

When the change came, it came overnight almost. The flight from that parish was unbelievable. By the mid-sixties, it was eighty percent black. Shirley Chisholm [soon to become the country’s first black congresswoman] was our state assembly representative.

Despite misgivings from Father Thomas Haggerty, St. Gregory’s more traditionally minded pastor, Cal Massey had coordinated a number of Sunday afternoon jazz performances in the school’s small auditorium. In April 1966, with the weather turning warmer, Massey was inspired to hold a concert with a very specific purpose, as his son, Zane, then eight years old, remembers:

My father wanted to build a playground—not only for his kids, but all the kids in the neighborhood. There was only one park nearby, but it had been taken over by gangs, so it was kind of dangerous. His idea was to build a playground at St. Gregory’s, and since we lived right across the street, he could keep his eye on us. Father Dobson became involved.

Father James Dobson, then a young priest who would later leave the clergy,

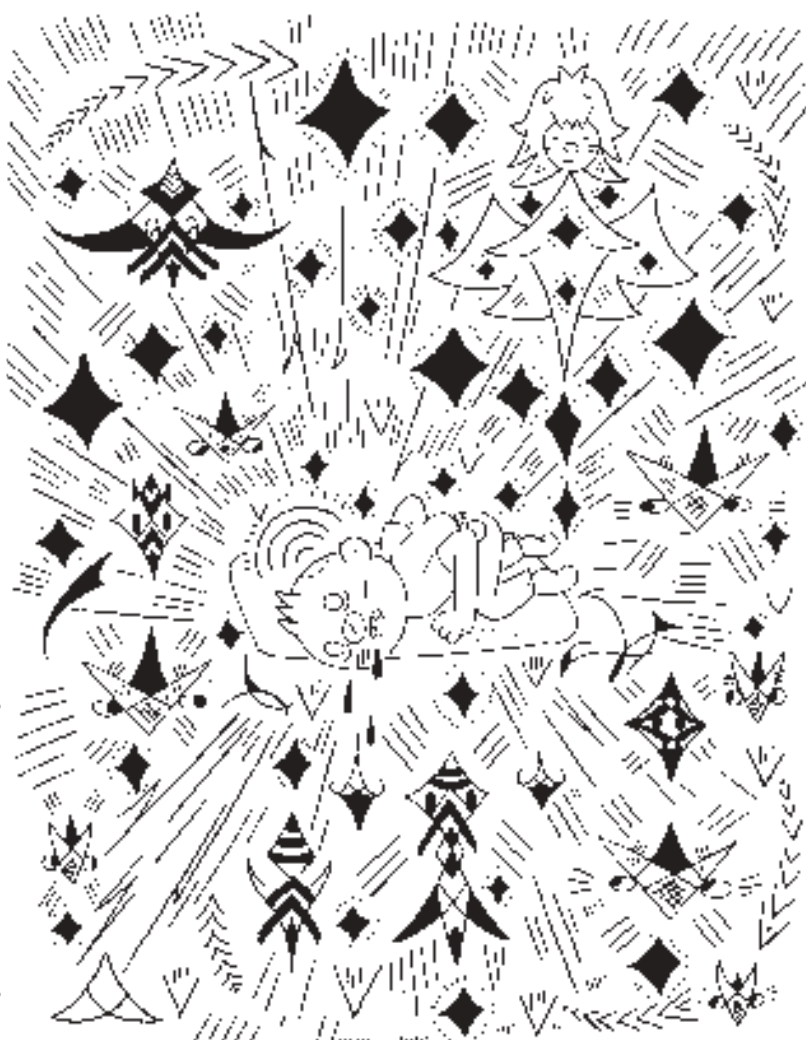
The flyer promised a concert with a “Religious Theme,” featuring the “Top Names of the Jazz World.” It was an impressive array for a neighborhood event: saxophonist/flutist Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Cedar Walton, Cecil Payne, McCoy Tyner (leading his own group), Elvin Jones (playing with Kirk), Jimmy Garrison (with Coltrane), saxophonist Charles Tolliver, bassist John Ore, drummer Andrew Cyrille (misspelled “Surelle”), and—positioned first on the flyer—John Coltrane. Many of Massey’s neighbors would be playing in Massey’s own band; Coltrane’s lineup was expected to include his wife, Alice, along with Sanders, Garrison, and Ali.

April 24 turned out to be a beautiful day. “I remember it was pleasant weather, people interacted in a positive way with each other and with the musicians,” says Dobson. An entrance fee of \$2.50 was collected at the door, and food and drinks, most supplied by the parishioners themselves, were on sale. By midafternoon the music began, and a crowd soon filled the small auditorium.

“The hall contained room for at least 300 people with standing room,” notes Alice Coltrane, who had driven in with her husband and children from Long Island. The well-attended affair brought a mixed crowd, reflecting the generational shifts of the day. Toliver notes that the dress ran from formal to Afrocentric. “It was a hot day, I remember shirts and ties, dashikis, and no polo shirts or anything like that. It was respectable.”

To many—performers and audience alike—the most impressive aspect of the day was witnessing the effect of the music on many of the younger attendees, who were more familiar with the then-ubiquitous sounds of James Brown and Stevie Wonder. “I think this was the introduction for many of the young people in the audience to jazz,” remarks Toliver. Zane Massey confirms his memory. “It was a whole afternoon of jazz. They did some incredible stuff. I was very young, but I remember Rahsaan [Roland Kirk] played. I had never seen anyone play flute through his nose.”

There were no journalists present, save for three French jazz fans—Daniel Berger, Alain Corneau, and Natasha Arnoldi, whom drummer Sunny Murray had brought. “We were the only whites there,” Berger notes. “It was mostly families in a non-show business, non-jazz concert atmosphere—quite casual.” “They were just regular people from the neighborhood that came—they weren’t like jazz fans going out to



BOOK OF CHANGES

Interviews by **KRISTINE MCKENNA**

KENNETH ANGER
JAMES BROWN
WM. BURROUGHS
NICK CAVE
RAY CHARLES
GEORGE CLINTON
LEONARD COHEN
R. CRUMB
BO DIDDLEY
WILLIE DIXON
WM. EGGLESTON
BRIAN ENO
HOWARD FINSTER
AL GREEN
MERLE HAGGARD
WERNER HERZOG
PAULINE KAEI
K. KIESLOWSKI
DAVID LYNCH
LOUIS MALLE
VAN MORRISON
BRUCE NAUMAN
NICO
M. ONDAATJE
IGGY POP
R. RAUSCHENBERG
GENA ROWLANDS
ARTIE SHAW
NINA SIMONE
PATTI SMITH
MEL TORME
PETE TOWNSHEND
DON VAN VLIET
TOM WAITS
PETER WEIR
NEIL YOUNG
WIM WENDERS

"Kristine has a rare talent for catching her subjects being themselves." — **BECK**

"McKenna is as smart as the geniuses she interviews." — **MATT GROENING**

264 pp. • \$14.95
FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

38 interviews, illustrated by the best cartoonists in the world, including **R. CRUMB**, **CHRIS WARE**, **CHARLES BURNS**, **ARNOLD ROTH** and more.





"I think his comics are a riot! I highly recommended." — **Dan Clowes (Eightball)**

"Rapidly exceeds all bounds of taste and logic with excruciatingly funny results. His garbage is truly inspired." — **Kim Cooper (Scram)**

"With the gleam of a vandal and the giddy raunch of a J.D. King, Johnny Ryan delivers!" — **George Meyer (The Simpsons)**

"Packs a surrealist punch...The rare gross-out rag you must read twice to fully process." — **Gear**





"Clearly more important than God and vitamins combined." — **Dana Gould (The Simpsons)**

"He's very funny and sick. He's a sick fuck." — **Kaz (Underworld)**

"Johnny's work is both repulsive AND hilarious, which is a great combination..." — **Joe Sacco (Safe Area Gorazde)**

NEW CONTENT WEEKLY!

WWW.JOHNNYR.COM

Shrimpy and Paul and Friends
 by **Marc Bell**

Over 160 pages of the puzzling and profound antics of Shrimpy and his best buddy Paul and their assortment of friends and hangers-on.

get it at highwaterbooks.com

You Better Run The Essential Junior Kimbrough



t-model ford bad man



Mississippi Fred McDowell & Johnny Woods
 Mama Says I'm Crazy



FAT POSSUM RECORDS
 OXFORD, MISSISSIPPI

Junior Kimbrough:
 "A career spanning collection from one of the most influential and original blues players of the past 50 years. Admired by musicians and music fans from all walks of life. Music and life do not get any more real than this."

T-Model Ford:
 "Produced by Memphis legend, Jim Dickinson, T-Model Ford's Bad Man may be his finest record yet. As close as you're likely to get to the juke joint stomps of North Mississippi. At 78 years old, T-Model Ford represents one of the last links to pure hill country blues."

Mississippi Fred McDowell:
 A classic album from the king of hill country blues; this album was recorded by George Mitchell in 1987, and features McDowell's old friend Johnny Woods on guitar. A bone-fide classic.

Sign up for the Fat Possum mailing list at: www.fatpossum.com/email

Coltrane

hear jazz,” adds Payne. “And they really enjoyed it, because it was something they would never think of going to see or to hear.”

The idea of reaching new listeners, of performing in a location where ticket prices and age limits would not hinder attendance, was a primary concern for Coltrane in his last year. “His goal, shortly before he died, was to get a loft in [Greenwich] Village,” explained Bob Thiele:

He wanted to set up a place where

tunes Coltrane chose to perform may never be known, but as Massey recalls,

I remember at one point after he played for maybe a half-hour, he went in his pocket and he read the prayer, the whole *A Love Supreme* prayer. He actually read it—“Thank you God,” you know—while the band was playing. Then everybody was chanting [sings], “a love supreme, a love supreme” while he was reading the prayer.

remarks, “I had to meet him and thank him for coming. He said he was just happy to be there.” Berger states, “I remember after the performance, the mood was quite emotional. Sunny Murray went to shake hands around, but we three had a rather reserved attitude in the middle of such a meditative and religious atmosphere.”

Zane Massey recalls the festivities then moved across the street:

After the concert, everybody came

John Coltrane:
“I want to be a force for real good. I want to discover a method so that if I want it to rain, it will start immediately to rain. If one of my friends is ill, I’d like to play a certain song and he’ll be cured.”

people could come in, listen to his music...in other words, people could attend rehearsals, no admission, just the price of a Coca-Cola, ten cents if you wanted anything to drink, but this was definitely an ambition of his.

Though Coltrane never found the time to create his dream venue, he did help out a friend, Babatunde Olatunji, performing in spring 1967 at the Nigerian percussionist’s Center of African Culture on 125th Street, a performance space based on the same ideals of access and learning. Cal Massey’s benefit at St. Gregory’s offered a similarly rare opportunity to a jazz star whose schedule was normally overwhelmed by tour commitments, studio dates, and family time. For the event, Coltrane chose a neat, dark suit, and prepared a set list that included a tune appropriate to the setting. “John made his own decision to perform ‘Acknowledgement’ from *A Love Supreme*...and to recite the poem during the program,” Alice remembers.

The afternoon had been long. Zane Massey had managed to grab one of the seats near the stage. “I was very close to the front with my brother. Coltrane was the last performance, right after Rahsaan, actually.” When Coltrane set up to perform, it was with a quartet; Sanders was not present. And according to various witnesses, a slightly injured Jones sat in on drums.

“When Trane came on, Elvin had a cast on his foot—I think he had just been in a fire not too long before—and Jimmy Garrison and Alice,” Massey maintains. Alice sat behind a “spinnet in good condition,” as she recalls, obviously provided by the church. Massey:

I remember they just got up there and played. It was so intense. I was very young, but I was very touched by that music. It was a very long performance—Trane played for over an hour. They played for so long that there were puddles of sweat. Where they were standing—John, Jimmy, Elvin—there was literally water there on the floor.

Whatever the complete selection of

Photographs confirm Coltrane having a piece of paper in his pocket, as Massey, as well as other attendees, claims. “Coltrane was indeed reading a piece of paper,” states Berger. Though he played only “Acknowledgement” (Alice: “John did not perform the entire suite”), his performance was enough to touch a communal nerve. The chant from the well-known album—a year old by that point—had certainly become part of the lingua franca of the jazz circle, disseminating as well into the larger black community. Massey adds:

The band was playing, and he was reading the prayer. And I remember in the back of the room it was all musicians and they were chanting his name, “John, John, John.” Rahsaan was actually crying, and I couldn’t understand. I was in shock, because I hadn’t ever seen anything like that before.

To those who knew Coltrane’s repertoire, his performance elicited surprise, Corneau recalling “a soft accompaniment by Alice, Jimmy, and Elvin,” and Arnoldi noting:

After having heard Ascension and seen him at the Village Gate when he was exploring his new voice, the concert in Brooklyn was far more subdued...it seemed to me like a step backwards to a certain extent.

Even those who, like Toliver, were unfamiliar with Coltrane’s music report that the performance was not what they expected:

It was sort of melodic, just a little different. It wasn’t hard jazz—the Gillespie kind of jazz. I was thinking that maybe it was tempered because of the church. His stuff was very...it was almost symphonic. I understand now, having listened to some of his music, that that was his jazz.

A warm reception followed the concert. “John spoke highly of all the musicians’ performances,” Alice comments, while Dobson, who got a chance to thank Coltrane for his participation,

to our house. My mother cooked, and they all came over and ate dinner. I remember being in my father’s room and Elvin, Jimmy, and Trane were all sitting on the bed. They were eating, and Trane’s saxophone was out—I actually tried to blow in it. My father stopped me—“No! Get away from the horn!” And they were all laughing, “Let him blow, let him blow!” I got a little sound.

In many respects, Cal Massey’s event was a success. “The pastor [Thomas Haggerty] was overjoyed, man,” recalls Payne. “They were amazed to see that something that good came to them.” Zane Massey says proudly, “The playground was built in part because of that concert. Children still use that very same yard behind the school.”

“I want to be a force for real good,” Coltrane stated in 1966. In another interview he expanded on his socially conscious aim:

I want to discover a method so that if I want it to rain, it will start immediately to rain. If one of my friends is ill, I’d like to play a certain song and he’ll be cured. When he’d be broke, I’d bring out a different song, and immediately he’d get all the money he needed. But what these pieces are, and what is the road to attain the knowledge of them, that I don’t know. The true powers of music are still unknown. To be able to control them must be, I believe, the goal of every musician.

When asked why Coltrane did not perform his suite more often, Alice shrugs. “To speculate on why *A Love Supreme* was rarely performed opens up many variables.” Why that evening in a Brooklyn church? “I believe the sacredness of the event may be a reason.”

The next time Coltrane’s poem would be read aloud, it would again be inside a church, but for a much more solemn occasion. ☺

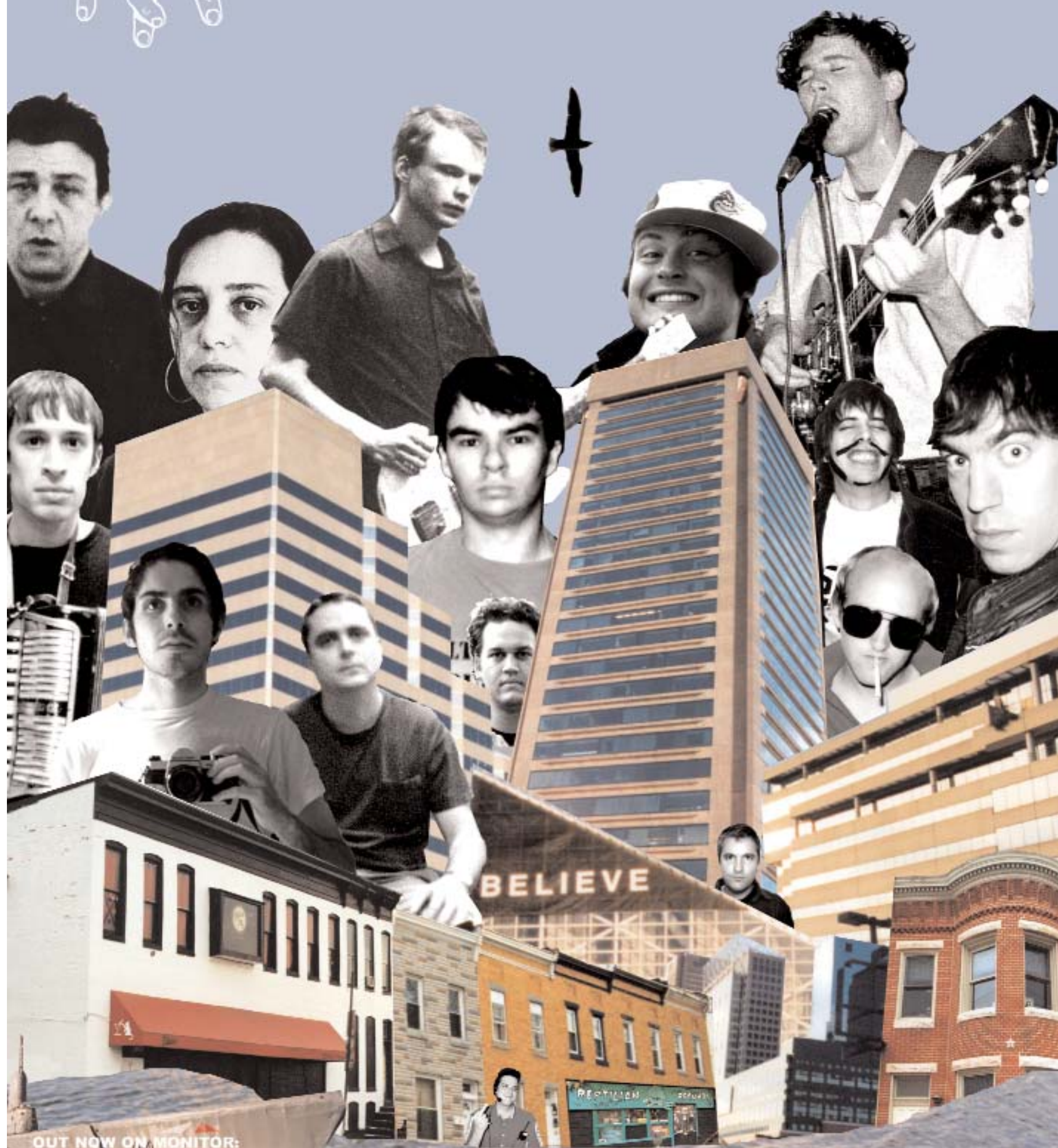


RON REGE JR. IS THE AUTHOR OF THE HIGHLY REGARDED GRAPHIC NOVEL “SKIDDER BEE BYE” PUBLISHED BY HIGHWATER BOOKS, AND FAMOUS FOR HIS MANY MANY GROUNDBREAKING MINI COMICS. HE IS CURRENTLY WORKING AND LIVING IN RHODE ISLAND (WWW.HIGHWATERBOOKS.COM).



= MONITOR RECORDS

BALTIMORE, U*S*A



OUT NOW ON MONITOR:



Cass McCombs - *Not the Way* (cd)

9/10. Like Crazy Horse through a cloud of hiss and in slow motion. - *Vice Magazine*

Recorded perfectly for his early morning, foggy sound, *Not the Way* is totally stunning. - *The Stranger*



Bellini - *Snowing Sun* (cd)

So what happens when the best part of Don Caballero is added to the best parts of UZEDOA? Obvious answer. Expect not just to be floored, but to be trampled. - *Fakejazz.com*



OXES - *OXOXLS* (banned ip/ cd)

See God does listen. Or at least the OXES do. Perhaps you should reconsider the direction of your prayers. Hand over your mouth, as this is gratuitous instrumental rock overkill at its finest - and a record that'll humble even most of your collection after one initial listen. - *Splendicazine*



This is amazing - make no mistake! Truly amazing. Not only is their name wrong, but their music is so wrong it HAS to be right...what can I say? This is perhaps the most post-modern rock n roll music that's ever been made. - *BBC Radio*



INK - *Reagent Specs* (cd)

8/10. The liner notes proudly attest that *Reagent Specs* was "written and recorded simultaneously at AGR, Baltimore, MD." In other words, they just booked AGR and waited for something cool to happen. Sounds crazy, eh? Right, well, maybe it sounds that way on paper, but the results are fantastic. - *Pitchfork*



Per Mission - *A Ritual Loop* (cd)

...the brainchild of Jason Noble (Rachel's), and featured members of Rachel's, Shipping News and other such seminal/weird acts ... this is the first time it's been let loose in a full-length style. And it's surprisingly good. Bassy, quasi-electronic weirdness is the future, and these guys know it. Hell, they are it. - *Splendicazine*

THE POSTAL SERVICE

GIVE UP

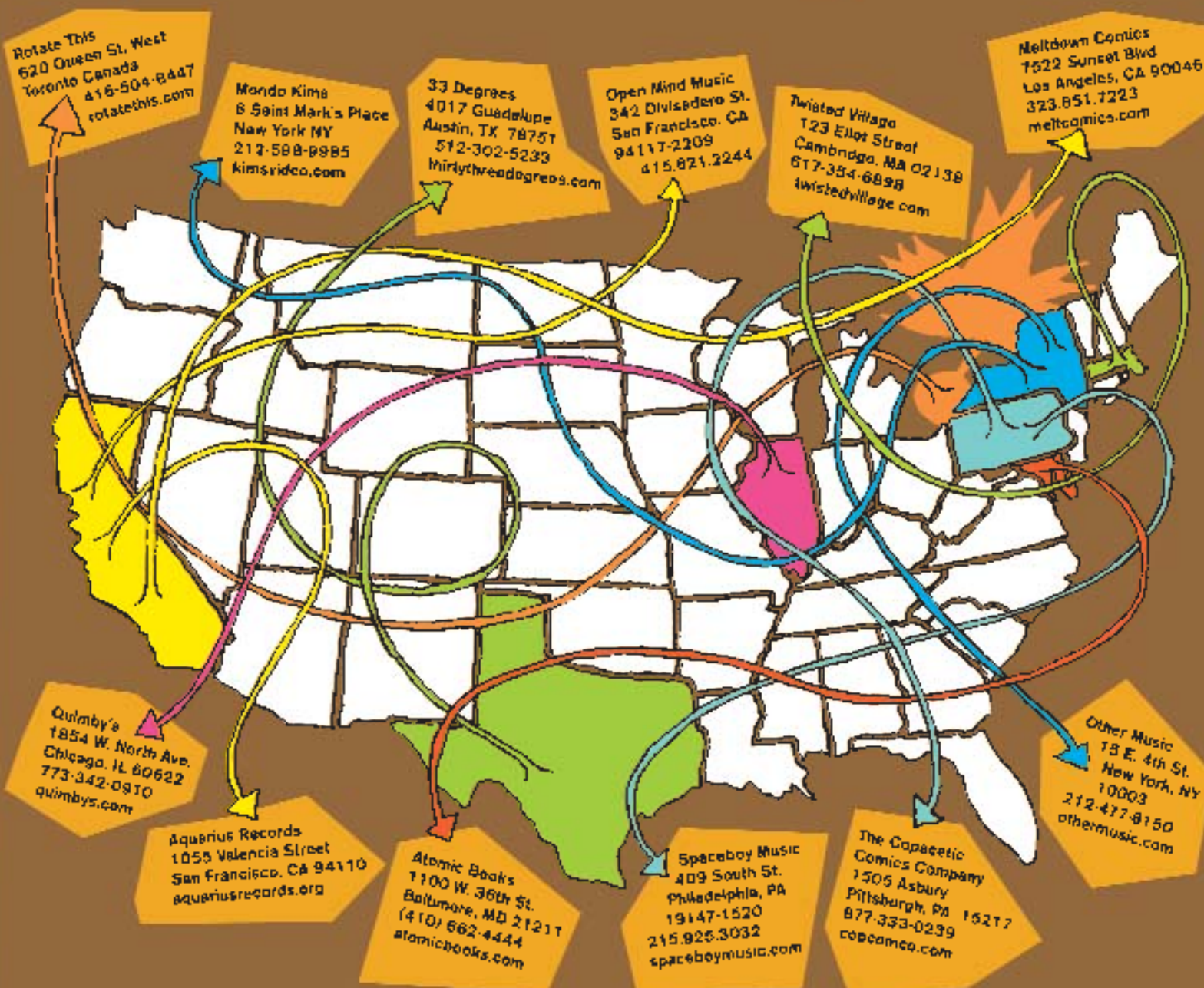


CD only: SPCD 695 www.subpop.com



SAM HENDERSON, A WRITER OF THE "SPONGEBOB SQUAREPANTS" TELEVISION SHOW, DOES THE CRITICALLY ACCLAIMED COMIC "MAGIC WHISTLE" (PUBLISHED BY ALTERNATIVE COMICS), OF WHICH, THE LATEST ISSUE HAS JUST BEEN RELEASED. CHECK OUT: WWW.INDYWORLD.COM/ALTCOMICS

A map of retailers. These are nice good stores.



Bull Tongue

Exploring the Voids of All Known Undergrounds

by Byron Coley + Thurston Moore



Surely, **RAYMOND PETTIBON** is best known as a painter and illustrator (the lines between which can be especially blurry in his case). But one can only suspect that it is a case of public tunnel vision that has consigned him to such a narrow role. Pettibon has made significant public contributions to other fields as well: writing, music, performance, publishing and film. It would, indeed, be well within anyone's grasp to make a solid case for Pettibon as Southern California's renaissance man of the *fin de siècle* period (and beyond). But that is not our assignment today. Right now, right here, we are interested in celebrating Pettibon the filmmaker.

Pettibon's graspable extant film canon consists of four videos that are all available through Joe Carducci's Provisional Films (PO Box 757 Laramie, WY 82073-0757). Recently, Raymond has been working on another one, *Red Tide Rising*, reported to be a saga of the Doors starring Mike Watt as Jim Morrison. There is also a lost film, shot in the early '90s, entitled *The Holes You Fill*, purportedly telling the Beatles' story the way you've always wanted to see it. Carducci reports that these two titles may see the light of day at some point, beyond that there's little info. But that still leaves a rich tetralogy of films, all of which deal with the transmutation of '60s "revolutionary" culture into something commodified and directed by the hands of the media.

Pettibon's graphic sensibilities are not lush. Just as his art has often been wrought in the most stark visual terms imaginable, so his films are raw, and almost hermetic in terms of their visual vocabulary. The milieus are often defined as much by the actions that take place within them as they are by specific visuals. At times one almost

has the sense of watching one of John Cassavetes' opuses being redone by the Kuchar Brothers, so simultaneously surreal and gritty is their look. And as with much of Pettibon's art, the visuals are highlighted, annotated and driven by a rich layering of text. As visually compelling as it might be to see the late Joe Cole wearing an insanely huge walrus moustache to round out his role, we are rarely left to quietly ponder the implicit meaning in the images. Pettibon's writing and visual direction in these films are indivisible. They virtually drip with dialogue. It's true that you can follow and "get" the basic plots if you watch these vids with the sound off, but the scripts—even when read off wall cards in the most perfunctory manner possible (as they are at times)—add layers of irony, honesty, humor and cutting insight that are entirely separate from the scenes-as-viewed.

THE WHOLE WORLD IS WATCHING: WEATHERMAN '69 (122 mins., 1989) is a kind of homage to Emile de Antonio's *Underground*, which was a documentary about members of the Weather Underground who were living on the lam in the U.S. Pettibon takes this idea and turns it on its side. For his version, the documentary is being funded by CBS, and the Weathermen exist almost exclusively as a media organization, measuring themselves constantly against other revolutionary groups, and attempting to make their own actions the cultural equivalent of rock concerts. Bernadine Dohrn is portrayed (by Kim Gordon) as a woman whose primary motivation is to use revolutionary zeal as a means to overtake the movie career of Jane Fonda. The rest of the left-wing cabal is played by Mike Watt, Joe Cole, *Bull Tongue's* own Thurston Moore and various

other tangential members of the SST gang, circa 1989. The story here is less linear than it is horizontally episodic. Although Dohrn's trajectory is forward, the bulk of the movie sprawls in all directions.

There are visits by counter-culture luminaries (Allen Ginsberg, John Lennon, Tome Hayden & Jane Fonda), there are fantastic self-critique sessions (the one in which they judge the revolutionary qualities of their record collection is a stone classic), and there's tons of great Pettibon dialogue. The text sends up some of the ideas of the era in hilarious fashion (the equation of Communism and sexual satisfaction is particularly great). Pettibon's turn as the CBC cameraman gives him a certain ability to knock down the fourth wall, but he doesn't overplay it. In all, it's a very bodacious place for Raymond to have begun his retelling of underground history.

JUDGEMENT DAY THEATER: THE BOOK OF MANSON (118 mins. 1989) deals with one of the most frequently-present iconic figures in Pettibon's early artwork, Charles Manson. Like *Weatherman '69*, it is also an ensemble piece, but the textual movement in this film is largely carried by Robert Hecker (from the band, Redd Kross), whose portrayal of Manson is riveting. Hecker either actually memorized his lines (something about which Pettibon the director seems ambivalent) or the way he wore his costume allowed him to read the scripts in a way that was very non-obvious. Whatever the truth, Hecker delivers his Manson raps with Castro-like length and strength. It seems at many times as though he's just rapping off the top of his head, jumping between images with the shaky logical of a master conman, building in Biblical and Beatles references where

called for. It's really a bravura performance, and the heat that Hecker generates coaxes some excellent performances out of others as well.

Joe Cole returns, this time as a memorable Tex Watson—football star turned confused thrill killer—and Shannon Smith is quite amazing as Sexy Sadie. Sadie is the orgone center of the film, and she plays the role with gusto. There are some good cameos as well; Pat Smear (of the Germs) as Hendrix and Pettibon as Roman Polanski are particularly interesting (if fanciful). The violence of the group has a cartoonish quality that some may find a bit repugnant, but it is somewhat mitigated by the way Pettibon constantly drives home the point that violence was both an extension of sex to the group, and also a way for them to generate media attention. Throughout *Judgement Day* they speak of themselves as creations and prisoners of the media, yearning for rock star status, but unable to understand the actual process by which it could be achieved. The underlying message is that Manson's group would have never committed any of the acts it did without the existence of a media stage. Whether or not that's true is certainly open to debate, but it's an interesting question to ask. And has the weird ring of truth.

CITIZEN TANYA (87 mins., 1989) deals with the saga of another of Pettibon's most frequently referenced cultural images: Patty Hearst, and the Tanya persona she assumed after her kidnapping at the hands of the Symbionese Liberation Army. Again, Pettibon paints the core group as media junkies. Field Marshall Cinque (Pat Smear), Tenko (Dave Markey) and Tanya (Shannon Smith) are the main characters, but everyone is cooped up for the bulk of

www.forcedexposure.com

Bull Tongue

the vid, and it is a constant grovel through sex-as-politics, media-as-sex-as-power, class-war-as-power-as-sex and all the implied variations on those themes. Fuelled by plum wine (which tastes as sweet coming up as going down), Cinque creates a completely cock-eyed, scam-centered revolutionary philosophy that seems to suck the others in solely by playing on their racial guilt. Smear is great, as are Smith and Markey. Due to its shorter length, the scenes seem a but more focused than they did on previous go-rounds, with some of the vignettes – Patty’s soliloquy about the communal toothbrush, for instance–being as funny as anything I’ve seen in a while. My personal favorite touch is the enormous (I mean ENORMOUS) moustache that Joe Cole wears as Patty’s former boyfriend, Steven Weed, but that’s a personal bias. I’m sure you’ll formulate your own.

The final part of the extant series is **SIR DRONE** (57 mins., 1989), Pettibon’s take on the early L.A. punk scene and, for me, his magnum opus. Because of his closeness to the actual history (Raymond was, after all, the one who gave Black Flag’s Greg Ginn his first guitar), the details here are absolutely right and they cut to the fucking bone. The story follows two guys from San Pedro, Duane (Mike Watt) and Jinx (artist/musician Mike Kelley), as they try to get a punk band started in Hollywood, in the days of the Masque. It’s amazing. Watt and Kelley are both perfect as wahoos with a dream, constantly bemoaning hippies, poseurs, and anyone else who doesn’t measure up to the rigid aesthetic criteria they are developing on the fly as they evolve. Unbelievably great, there are scenes of ritual razor cuts, hanging in front of the Masque, practice pogoing, and other stuff that will make you keel the hell over if you have any sense of the scene’s history at all. Jinx’s girlfriend, Goo, and the band’s

singer, Scooter (nee Gun), will also prove interesting characters to those schooled in Sonic Youth hagiography. But whatever, *Sir Drone* is a must-see. And I can only hope that Raymond’s other stuff sees the light. Having watched all of these back-to-back twice, I can attest that they are very much worth your while.

We will try to deal with the rest of the Provisional catalogue next time, as it has the most consistently interesting catalogue in the country. In the meantime, I can also suggest checking out **ARTHUR DOYLE ELECTRO-ACOUSTIC ENSEMBLE LIVE AT THE ANALOG SHOCK CLUB** video (QBICO). Shot in Buffalo NY, this documents that crazy Doyle band (with Leslie Q, Dave Cross and Ed Wilcox) that toured the Northeast last year. Anyone who had his or her interest piqued by Kim Gordon’s description of this band in a recent issue of *The Wire* will get a well-deserved eyeful. Rock? Jazz? Free? Noise? Well, it is all those things and more. There really is no accurate shorthand description for what it is this band was doing on this tour, but it is frighteningly wonderful to watch and hear.

Chris Touchon’s NJFM label released the coolest **DEERHOOF** 7” last year (The Shaggs cover “My Pal Foot Foot”) and has now gone one step beyond with NJFM 019 an amazing 10 band split 7” with very short stabbing trax by **ERASE ERRATA, THE SISSIES, MISSING TOOTH, BEBE + SERGE, ZEEK SHECK, M.C. TRACHIOTOMY WITH XBXR, TRACY + THE PLASTICS, PANTY RAID, CHROMATICS** and **PEACHES**. Each tune is a quick and delightfully deadly tongue dance. The label is promising a new **XBXR** video (the first one they issued a couple years back is phenomenal garage noise insania), a final **XBXR** 7” and a **QUIX*O*TIC/ORTHELM** split 7”. We’re talking good times here folks.

(NJFM, 4001 Leandro #8, Oakland, CA 94601-4053)

Out of Norway comes the most exciting noise LP I’ve heard to date. It’s the pink vinyl *Sykubb fra HÉlvete* by **FE-MAIL** (TV5#2). The duo consists of Maja Solveig Kjelstrup & Hild Sofie Tajford. These two women romp thru stimulating noise compositions fresh and clean with a distinct Scandinavian frost. But there’s always an undercurrent of warm embrace. Sweet and masterful. Maja may be familiar to some of the more in-depth Norwegian experimental music aficionados. She has won numerous kudos in her homeland, such as being the first Norwegian composer to win the Arne Nordheim Prize in 2001, and receiving the Second Prize at the Luigi Russolo competition for her piece “Sinus Seduction (moods two)” for saxophone and electronics, also in 2001. She is a singer/voice user, whistler, keyboard, violin and theremin player as well as a computer assistant and studio engineer; all this, mainly in connection with the contemporary improvisation ensemble **SPUNK** (Hild Sofie Tajford is also from Spunk). Maja also plays with (x,y,z), an electronic improvisation trio with Risto Holopainen and Asbjørn Fl. And she is in a duo with accordion player Frode Haltli as well as a solo voice/electronics project with backing from the group Jazzkammer. She has also played with Oslo Industrial Ensemble, Norwegian Noise Orchestra, No Spaghetti Edition with Evan Parker and Rhodrie Davies, Paal Nilssen-Love, Masami Akita (Merzbow), Zbigniew Karkowski, Sachiko M, Gino Robair, Jaap Blonk, Oslo Sinfonietta and Lasse Marhaug. She has performed a chamber opera by Dagfinn Rosnes, especially written for her voice, among many other things such as Icelandic film music by Hjalmar Ragnarsson. She performed her own music for Ibsen’s play *Ghosts* at Northlands festival in 1999. In 2000 she had two perform-

ances in Tokyo. So Maja is busy and I suggest you get busy digging her sounds. This LP is a surefire way to dig in head first.

The improbable and insane state of Texas has challenged music convention consistently through the ages. Not only in its roster artists, but by the craziness of the record labels themselves—from the world of International Artists in the 60s (13th Floor Elevators, Red Krayola, *et al*) to the wild academia of Innova (composer Jerry Hunt, David Dunn) to the ongoing experimentalism of the N D label (John Watermann, Voice of Eye). Idea Records out of San Antonio is one of the more recent entrepreneurs of quality sound-works. Nothing they’ve released is specifically Texas-bred, but it is music that has come to Texas from far regions of the globe, all of it outside any margins of easy assimilation. Some of the artists may be familiar to those interested in post-post-Throbbing Gristle form extensions (!), but heard from within the context of a deep-in-Texas label, the work begins to take on an indefatigable and uniquely blended spice. One such release is a new split 7” by **ANDREW CHALK AND CHRISTOPH HEEMAN** who work in typically blithe compliment to each other. Here they involve themselves in the sincere, simple exercise of remixing music from the Idea CD **CASIA FISTULA** by **BRENDAN WALLS**—itself a remarkable, out-of-nowhere (well, Sydney Australia actually) homemade machine sound collage mind-blower. Both sides of the 7” exist as om-motion morsels of drone beauty. What gives them especially spectral distinction is their gasping brevity in a field where slo-eyed expansion is the norm. I suggest perusing Idea’s catalog.

IAN NAGOSKI has been an interesting presence on the eastern seaboard the last few years. Primarily a sound artist involved with



ARTHUR DOYLE ELECTRO-ACOUSTIC ENSEMBLE LIVE AT THE ANALOG SHOCK CLUB



FE-MAIL: SYKUBB FRA HÉLVETE LP

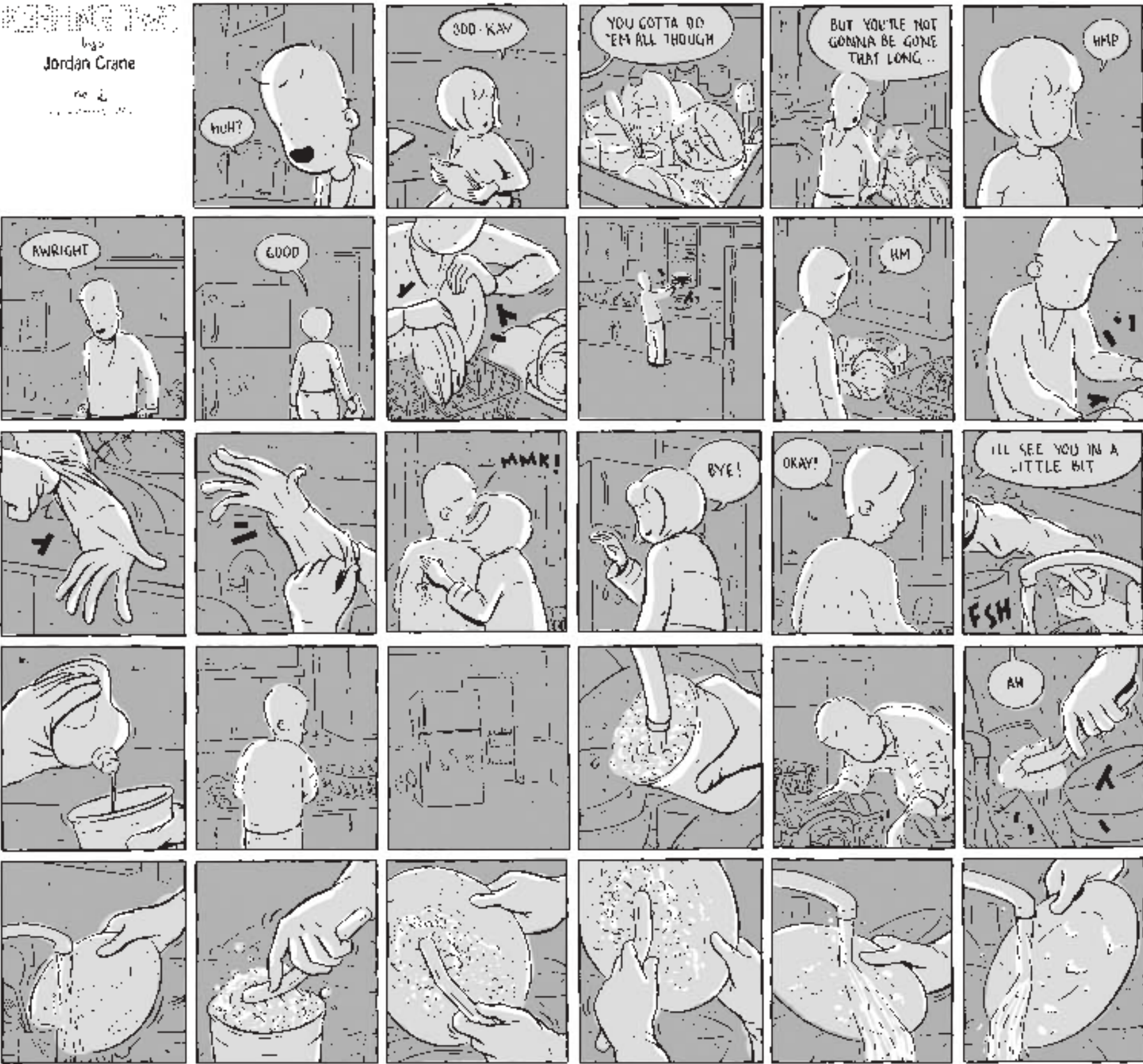


MUSIC, LANGUAGE AND ENVIRONMENT CD BY DAVID DUNN



CASIA FISTULA A CD BY BRENDAN WALLS

KISHING TWO
by
Jordan Crane
no 2
1999





INTEGRITY & DRAMATIC LIFE BY ANSELM BERRIGAN



BROKEN FACE MAGAZINE



BB GUN MAGAZINE

NOTE:
FACE OBSCURED IN
COMPLIANCE WITH ARTHUR'S
"NO GALLO" POLICY.

maxim-drone evocations, he is one of those cats who spent almost every waking hour of his youth pummeling minimalist stooge chord rock art in various rec-rooms. Along with pal Chris Rice, who edits the pretty jake new music mag **HALANA** (fifth issue due this year), Ian let the heavy chording take him into the contemporary activity of unlimited beyond-genre improvising. It brought him to an exclusively solo performance situation, which has produced astounding experiences. From Philadelphia he's relocated to Baltimore where he's been active with the radical vibe-hang the Red Room and has been music writing for **HALANA** and **WIRE**. There've been a few CDs released (some in very limited editions as lathe-cut CDs), a video on Halana and just recently a one-sided Czech-pressed pic-disc LP called **VIOLETS FOR YOUR FURS** (edition...xxi). The LP is remarkable as it enters the time-space with a wonderfully slow emission of minute and hyper-layered sound. Gaze at Daniel Conrad's "rotating illusion" imprinted on the disc's face and you got yourself a pretty cool time.

The early/mid 1970s punk rock scene in NYC was a surreal miasma of slut trash glitter and starving art school inspiration. An elemental dose of its annunciation came from the underground poetry scene situated around the St. Mark's Poetry Project from whence Richard Hell, Tom Verlaine and Patti Smith had been sniffing. The specific swagger of such writers as Ted Berrigan, Alice Notley, Larry Fagin, Bernadette Mayer, Lewis Warsh, Ron Padgett and even (still) Allen Ginsberg duly informed the style of proto-punk. It is an actuality never lost by Hell, Verlaine and Smith to this day. And it has always been a distinctive thread through the intervening years at the Poetry Project even after the giant passings of Berrigan and Ginsberg. So it was an utter mindblowing amazement to see and hear the young poet **ANSELM BERRIGAN** (Ted's son) inciner-

ate St. Marks Church recently with a wholly contempo continuance of the language and street rock vocabulary that punk rock walked out from, fists rubbing eyes. The take on generational experience both shared and personal and the laughs from the backroom were remarkably acute and loaded. And delightfully inspired in form. The cool thing is Anselm ain't alone here. I suggest Googling young Berrigan and fall into the lake of tongues you'll find. "I sit down calmly in someone else's recliner/Wearing someone else's shirt, pants, shoes and socks/Though I've torn my own holes into all of them." - Anselm Berrigan. A good troika of Berrigan's writing (**THEY BEAT ME OVER THE HEAD WITH A SACK, INTEGRITY & DRAMATIC LIFE, ZERO STAR HOTEL**) can be had from the Aerial/Edge.

Good mag action this time from a couple of rock 'zines that appear less often than perhaps they ought, but manage to pack in pounds of good reading. The first is issue #6 of Bob Bert's **BB GUN**, which has gone from being something like an excuse for Bob to print pics of his favorite garage rock gals, to something quite substantial. This one has juicy interviews with Michael Gira, Vinnie Gallo, Mick Collins, Rowland S. Howard, Jim O'Rourke, Mick Farren, James Chance and plenty more. The writing staff is fucking choice as well, so do yourself a favor. If you actually still like rock-*qua*-rock, pick the thing up. **THE BROKEN FACE** is pretty much a rock mag as well. Edited by the *other* Mats Gustafson, they just got out issue 15, and it's a hot compendium of psych & experimental underground whatsis, that operates almost as a codicile to *Ptolemaic Terrascope*. Included are pieces on Nagisa Ni Te, Parson Sound, Fursaxa, Arco Flute Foundation, and a truly useful review section, among other things. Either of these mags will make time spent on the toilet infinitely more reward-

ing, so give them a try. Then flush.

Another nice word batch is an anthology called **THE LONG MARCH OF CLEVELAND** (Green Panda Press, 14314 Superior Ave., Cleveland Heights, OH 44118). Edited by an Ohioan named Bree, this volume was assembled in honor of the visionary Cleveland poet, d.a. levy, who would have turned 60 last year, had he not blown his brains out in 1968. Levy was a fascinating guy, a wonderful poet and artist, and a prolific publisher and editor. There have been a few good books about him, and if you have any interest in underground culture of the post-WWII period, you'd be doing yourself a favor to do some reading up on him. That said, this anthology is pretty nice. Not sure that everything is exactly as related to levy as all that, and there's a distinct lack of **CONCRETE**, but there is plenty of good visual and written work, much of it indebted to Cleveland, the city that levy was connected to at both ends.

Let me end this subjective review scene with a letter re: last issue's Bull Tongue:

David Newgarden from Ocean Grove, NJ writes: "Hey—if Jean Francois Pouvros is "40-ish" than I'm 12-ish still listening to Chicago IX and Frampton Comes Alive. Also—Gilbert Artman was in Catalogue. It was Artman, not Pouvros, who was in Lard Free and in Urban Sax (a dozen parachuting saxophonists).

"Back somewhere in the '80s, while touring with Haitian voodoo combo Boukman Eksperyans, I met blind Tex-Mex accordion recluse Steve "El Parche" Jordan on the streets of Rennes, dragged him to 'see' a Catalogue/Silverfish double-bill (Jac Berrocal and Lezley, I swear, had the exact same stage moves) and picked up non-english-speaking mini-skirted coeds in a biker bar and puked french fries/mayonnaise and red wine on the clean cobblestone streets of Brittany. At some point in the night, I think

Esteban & I almost got into a fight with 'El Vez' but my memory is a little hazy.

"Following week, saw Rhys Chatham and 100 guitars in weird deserted Paris suburbs, got stranded by late nite bus schedule, and Pouvros hooked me up with a ride back to Pigalle—coincidentally I was staying in apt. building where Catalogue's manager lived. (somewhere, out of alphabetical order, in my rusting, overstuffed rolodex is a Jac B. business card, more treasured even than the one Charles Gayle handed me in Milford's back yard)."

Again: should you have anything interesting for us to see/review (especially LPs, books, mags, vids) please send two (2) copies to: Bull Tongue, PO Box 627, Northampton MA 01061. **@**

OBICO:

<http://members.planet.it/frewww/qbic>

NJFM:

www.njfm.org

MAJA SOLVEIG KJELSTRUP:

www.notam02.no/~majar/main.ph

IDEA RECORDS:

www.idearecords.com/

INNOVA:

<http://innova.mu/>

ND:

<http://www.desk.nl/~northam/>

IAN NAGOSKI:

www.redroom.org/individuals/nagoski

REDROOM:

www.redroom.org

EDITION...XXI:

<http://editionellipsis.hypermart.net>

HALANA:

www.halana.com

AERIALEDGE:

www.aerialedge.com/edgebooks.htm

BBGUN:

www.bbgun.org

THE BROKEN FACE:

<http://brokenface.fupp.net>



JORDAN CRANE IS AN AWARD WINNING CARTOONIST BASED IN LOS ANGELES. "KEEPING TWO" IS HIS THIRD NOVEL. HIS NUMEROUS BOOKS, PRINTS, AND GUIDES ARE AVAILABLE AT WWW.REDDINGK.COM



Dead Iraqi soldier, 1991 Gulf War.

THE LIBERTINES
up the bracket

"A charmingly ramshackle debut from a group of guys who resemble Dickensian street urchins and just might be the best London band since the Sex Pistols."
-Entertainment Weekly

"...exhilaratingly chaotic, relatively free of slack and continually on the razor-edge between flying and falling apart. But this nervy Maximum R&B is just what we need right now."
-NME

North American edition features two bonus tracks.
Includes the debut hit "What A Waster" & "I Get Along"

ROUGH TRADE
www.roughtradeusa.com

THE NOTWIST
NEON GOLDEN

contains 3 bonus tracks not on import
"top 10 album of the year" new york times
on tour in april

Domino **Insound**
www.dominoandco.com

anti.com

ANTI-

OUT NOW

NICK CAVE
AND THE BAD SEEDS

NOCTURAMA